THE BYSTANDER
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FEBRUARY 10, 1932

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"PICCADILLY": By DAPHNE DU MAURIER

The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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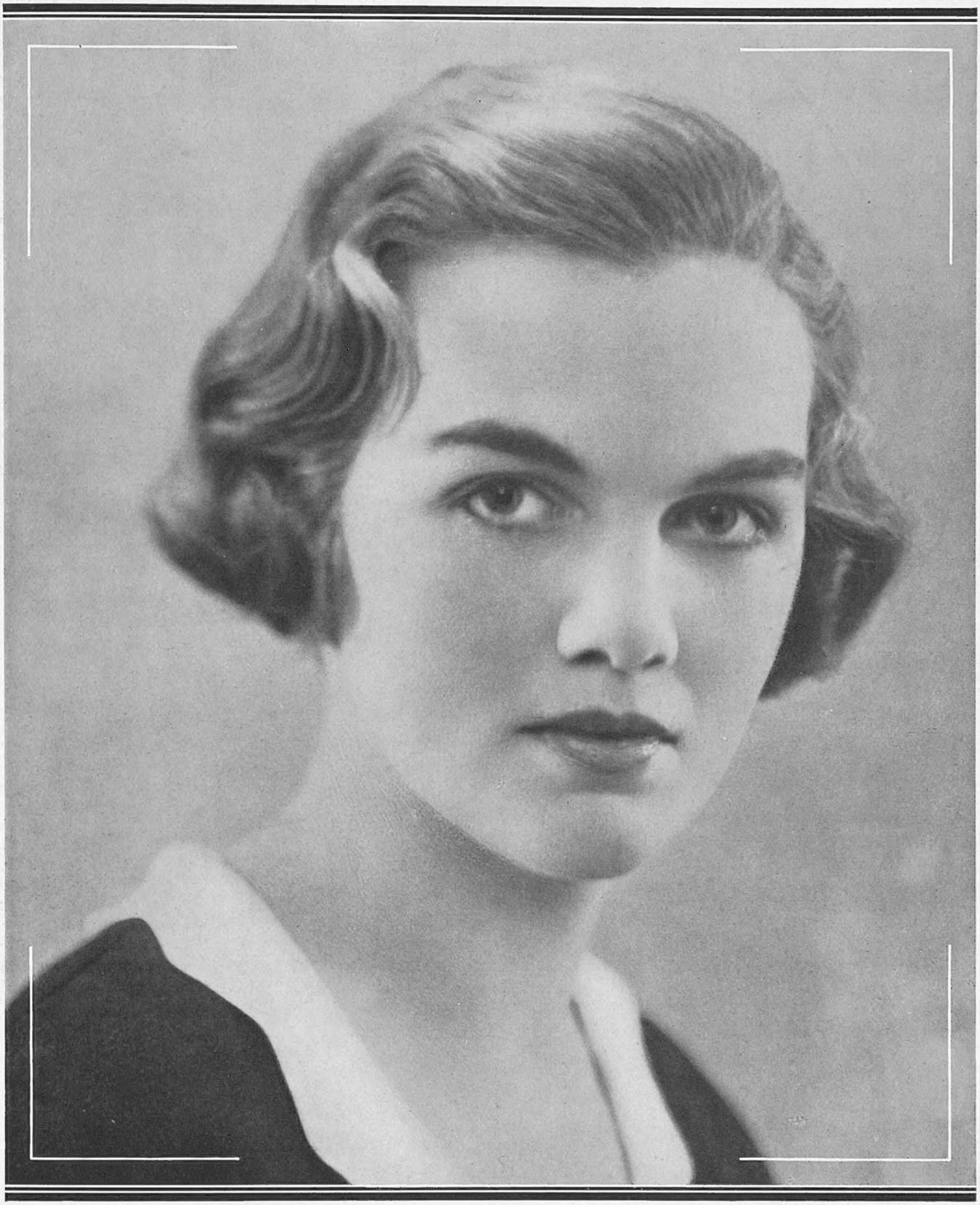
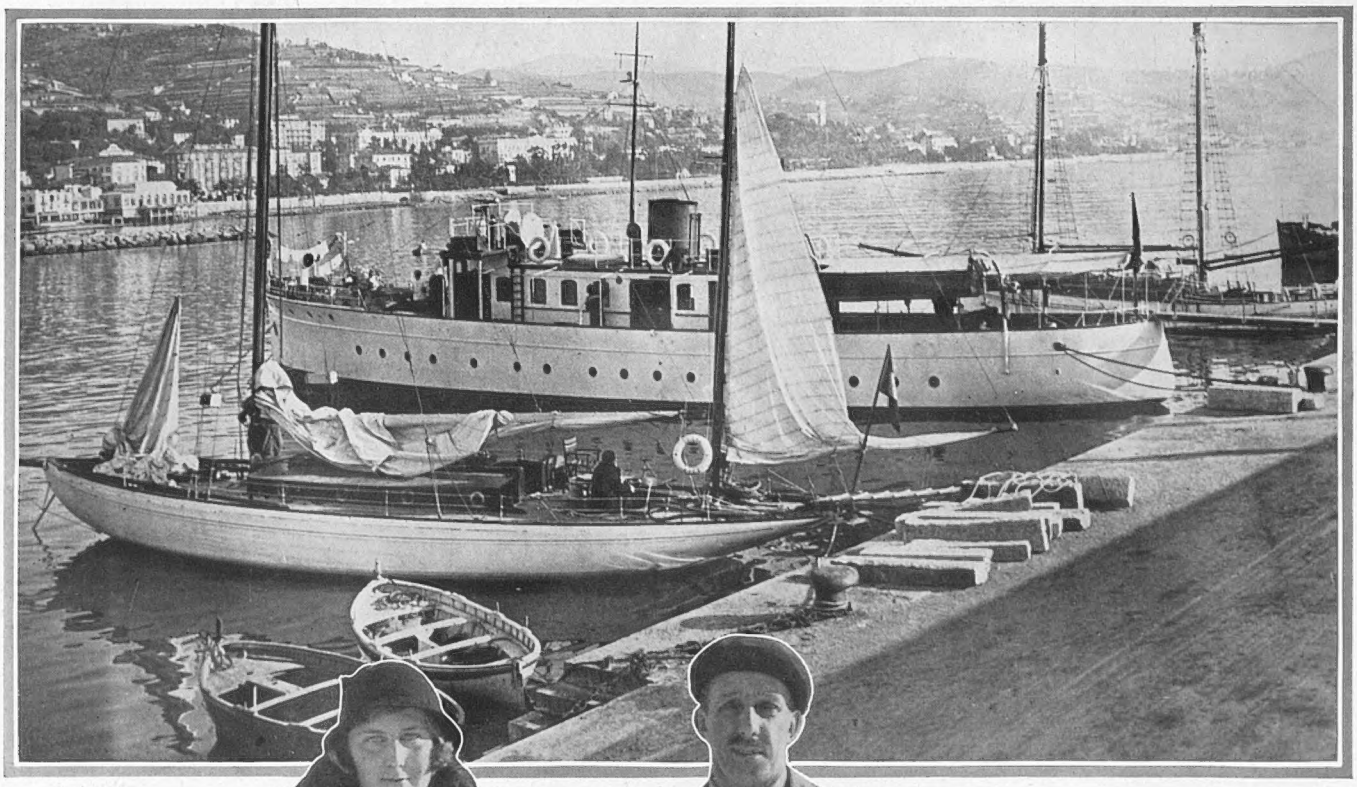


Bassano

THE HON. ANGELA GREENWOOD

Who is working in Foyle's bookshop with Miss Christina Foyle and is possessed of organising talents to an exceptional degree, is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Greenwood. Before her father was raised to the Peerage he held many important political positions as Sir Hamar Greenwood

KING ALFONSO'S Challenge to the REPUBLICANS



By making a cruise in the Mediterranean on the Marquis Louis Martinez de Riva's yacht Heluis, which is seen above lying between two sailing vessels at the quay at San Remo, the King of Spain and Queen Ena will be liable to be captured by a Spanish warship for, as the yacht flies the Republican flag of Spain, they will be technically on Spanish soil. King Alfonso has been enjoying the winter sports in Switzerland for some time past and is seen on the left at Mürren with his daughter, the Infanta Maria Cristina, who is recuperating after pneumonio

A busy winter sports scene on the ski practice slopes above Mürren. In the right foreground are seen Prince Nicholas of Roumania and his morganatic bride, Mme. Saveanu, out on their skis for a run

the passing hour

THE gaieties of London last week ranged from the reception at Londonderry House for the opening of Parliament to the Bobbin Club case at Marlborough Street, when Mr. Michael Lafone was fined £20 and a hundred guineas costs. The Londonderry House reception took place, in the interests of economy, in the afternoon, and was swathed in mimosa. It made one feel what fun it would be to be present at the battle of flowers at Nice.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD and Lady Londonderry received the guests, with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin a yard away. More than four thousand people accepted invitations, but half of them, when they read of the numbers expected, stayed away. It is impossible to give anything like a list of names. But one can pick out Lady Oxford and Asquith as being present for the first time at a political party at this house. One must also congratulate the hard-boiled couple who went up the staircase, shook hands with their hostess, and then walked down again. That takes courage.

IN all the crush it was impossible to see whether Lord Castlereagh and his new bride were there. Personally, I did not see them. Lady Londonderry finally left the scene at a few minutes after six, and so those guests who, noting that the invitation went on until 7.30 p.m., arrived late, found the place deserted, and the ushers eating up the refreshments in the long room on the right of the staircase—among them Orchard, who reappeared from his retirement as majestic as ever.

Doña Cayetana Fitz-James Stuart y Silva, the little daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Alba and Berwick. She is seen on the Palace Rink at St. Moritz, where she has been having lessons in skating

Princess Anna, the eight-year-old daughter of Prince and Princess Boncompagni Ludovisi. She is seen on the Kulm Rink at St. Moritz

AT the Bobbin Club case there were several well-knowns who came to see the fun. Mrs. de Winton Wills, Mr. Quentin Gilbey, Mrs. Peter Horlick, Madame de Pena, Mr. Edward

DORA ON THE WARPATH

Tatham, and Mr. Ralph Cobbold, the Countess de Alvarez (a cousin of Señorita Lili, the tennis player), Major Tattersall, and Lord Donegall with his odd little pipe, which he started to smoke as soon as he left the Court. Major Tattersall was all set to give evidence. But he was not needed. Incidentally, Mr. Lafone had registered the "Slip-in" as a successor to the Bobbin the previous day.

Hay Wrightson

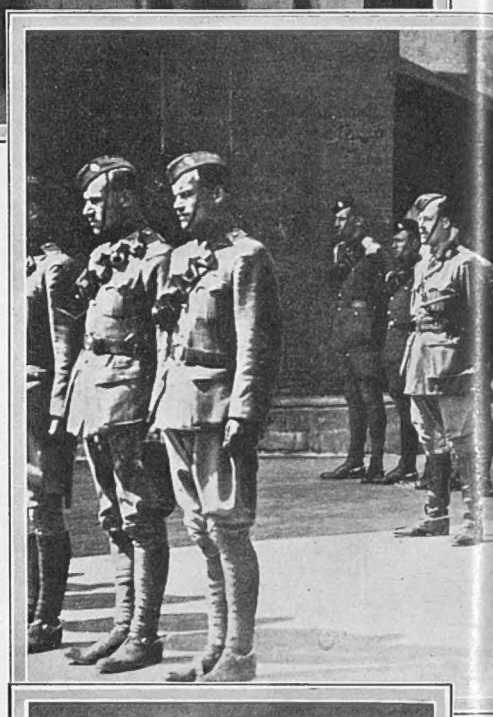
Miss Geraldine Pamela Violet Sandbach, the only child of the late Major-General A. E. Sandbach, C.B., D.S.O., and of the Hon. Mrs. Sandbach. Her engagement has been announced to Mr. Graham Lawrie Mackeson, Irish Guards, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Mackeson, of Littlebourne House, near Canterbury

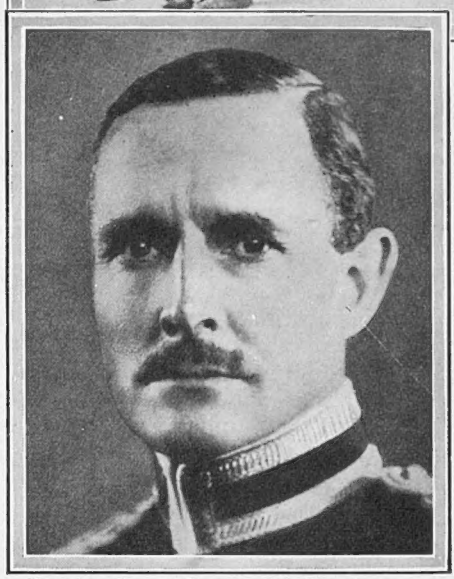
MADAME DE PENA, who will always give a party if there is an excuse for one, at once invited everyone back to her house in Charles Street to celebrate the occasion. Among the guests were Mr. G. D. Roberts, the Rugger international known as "Khaki Roberts," who defended Mr. Lafone so ably in the Court. Mr. Roberts has a very fine manner, and reminds some people, including Madame de Pena, of the late Lord Birkenhead.

The Earl of Lytton (right), the leader of the International Commission appointed by the League of Nations to enquire into the Manchurian dispute, being seen off by a party, among whom Lady Astor is seen second from the left, on his departure from Paddington en route to the troubled area. Lord Lytton was recently obliged to close his famous seat, Knebworth House, owing to the crushing burden of taxation

THESE prosecutions of night clubs are, of course, merely enforcing the law, but when the law is a silly one and is contrary to the spirit of liberty and British sense of fair play, it is only natural it should be broken. The Bobbin Club was not of the type of a Yankee Speak-easy. It was well conducted, and the members and their friends who used it were more than reputable, including many well-known persons of either sex. But because it was proved that on occasions drinks were served out of our much restricted licensing hours a fine and heavy costs are inflicted, and the Bobbin is no more. I get tired of asking when these restrictions, which were fastened upon us in war-time, will be done away with. Probably only when some Cabinet Minister gets run in for "frequenting"!

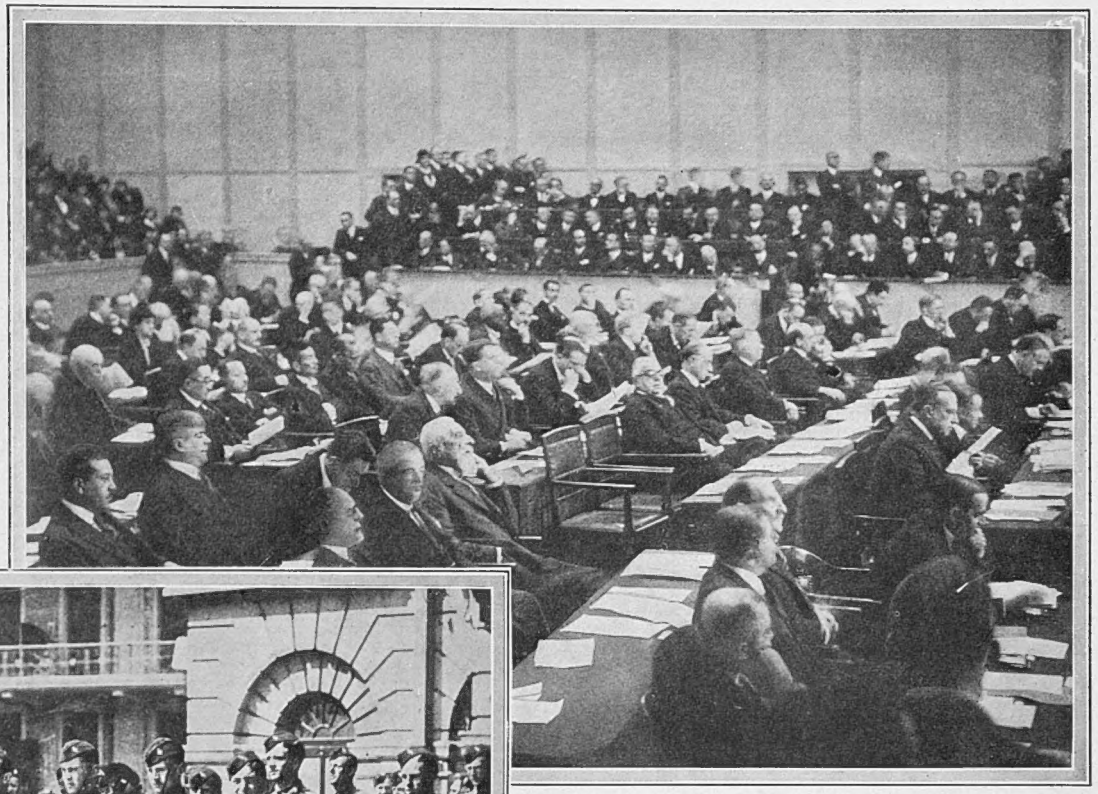
IT was either at Madame de Pena's party or the one on the following evening that I heard of Miss Dorothy Paget's big win over her horse, Insurance. She made no less than £7,100, for she put £1,500 on it, as she always does when she thinks she has a good chance. When she does not she puts on £200 each way. Miss Paget is quite the richest unmarried girl in the country, and is much to be complimented for circulating money in the way she does. She is the daughter of Lord Queenborough by his first wife,



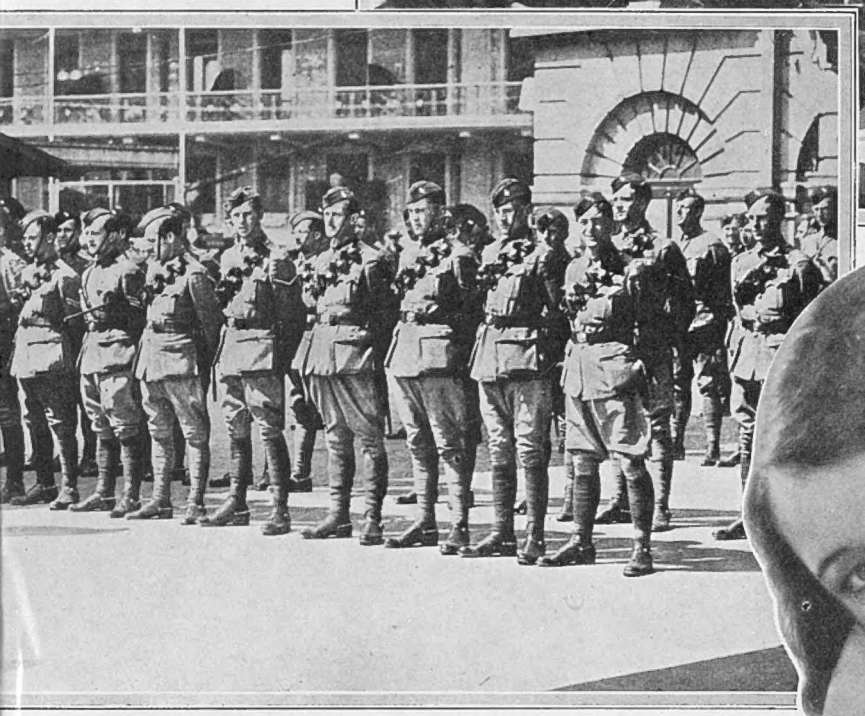


Brigadier George Fleming, D.S.O., who is in control of the forces in the International Settlement in Shanghai, now that the Japanese Admiral Shiosawa has relinquished his right as senior officer. He became the Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion the Royal Welch Regiment in 1926

A RECENT "ROUGH-HOUSE"



The photograph below of members of the famous Shanghai Defence Force, who have been mobilised owing to the trouble between China and Japan, with its consequent danger to the International Settlement, forms a significant contrast to the picture on the right of a meeting of the World Disarmament Conference at Geneva, where they seem to be "fiddling" about whilst Shanghai is burning!



whose father was the famous Mr. C. Whitney, formerly Secretary of the United States Navy, and a very rich man. Incidentally, she spends something like £30,000 a year on charity, most of it to support the needy Russian nobility in Paris. When travelling in England she usually has a special coupé on the train, and there are always two or three cars to meet her at the railway station. It is said that she has over £100,000 a year.

A REMARKABLE scene was witnessed in a very well known restaurant one night last week. For no apparent reason a man walked up to another and hit him violently. He was forcibly removed. The sequel is in front of me—a letter written, and printed on the next page, to his victim at the Dorchester Hotel. Can you guess their identities?

Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, the Deputy Chairman of the Historical Drama Ball, to be held at Grosvenor House on February 25. It is in aid of the People's League of Health

Yevonde

GREAT DAYS IN PARLIAMENT

"Dear Sir,—I wish in haste to apologise to you for my vicious and unprovoked attack on you last night. Will you please accept it and excuse my stupid behaviour. I trust you were not hurt in any way, and it may be some slight satisfaction to you to know that I was!"

THURSDAY last, the Fourth of February, has been hailed by most of the Press as the opening of a new epoch. We are now a Protectionist State, much to the anguish of Sir Herbert Samuel, although it must be admitted that the Cabinet—apart from being at sixes and sevens on the subject—gave an impression of timorousness and shivering, like a nervous person about to take a plunge in a pool. We always sing lustily, "Britons never, never shall be slaves," but all the same, no people are more easily enslaved by their politicians than we. It is a mystery why the Press and Public have tolerated the presence of Sir Herbert Samuel, Sir Donald Maclean, and all the little "Wee Frees," who obviously belong to the Parish Pump era in politics. Fortunately, if John Bull walks slowly, his foot in the end crushes heavily the unwanted.

Janet Jevons

Miss Madeleine Oppenheimer, whose marriage to Mr. Patrick Devlin will take place on Friday next, February 12. She is the younger sister of Sir Michael Oppenheimer, of Foxhill, Bracknell, Berks

CAPT. BANKIER & MRS. MONTAGUE

LADY MANTON and MRS. HUTTENBACH

The recent meeting at Leicester was very well attended by racing enthusiasts, some of whom are seen in the above photographs. Outsiders had quite a triumph on the opening day, but backers had a—

A GOOD orchestra continues to be the most important attraction of every restaurant. Stanelli and his men are packing the Café Anglais. Some of the orchestras are extraordinarily expensive, but as it is impossible to dance with any enjoyment to an orchestra lacking a sense of time and rhythm, it is certainly a case of money wisely spent. Sir Francis Towle has paid out nearly £100,000 to Ambrose and his men during the past four years, while the orchestra at the Embassy costs more than £10,000 a year. And they seem to be worth it.

Bertram Park

Miss Barbara Stanley, the only child of Sir George Stanley, P.C., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., the Governor of Madras, and of Lady Beatrix Stanley, whose marriage to Capt. Sir Charles Buchanan, Bart., Highland Light Infantry, will take place on February 23. Her fiancé is A.D.C. to her father

CABARET acts during the past few days have been particularly good in the West End. Nora Blaney and Gwen Farrar have been making their final appearance at Grosvenor House and Ciro's before Nora gets married. Florence Desmond is drawing the town to the Monseigneur, and William Walker and Iris Ashley have been doing very well at the Piccadilly, the grill room of which is always crowded on a Sunday night.

MR. WALKER and Miss Ashley are now in the happy position of being booked up for every night of the week until April 17. For a new combination this is extraordinarily good. Also at the Piccadilly last week was Frederica, who sings admirably and chooses her songs

CELEBRATING ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

LADY CATHERINE WILLOUGHBY and BARONESS KLEIFT

COUNTESS DE PRET-ROUSE and MAJOR CARLOS CLARKE

—pleasant surprise when the twenty-to-one chance, Gunga Din, was disqualified for bumping and boring in the Blaby Handicap 'Chase, and the race was awarded to Flambent, which started favourite at six-to-four against

well. She comes on with an air of saying, "Listen to this and like it"—and everybody does.

THE Kit-Cat, with its mammoth cabaret, bigger even than the old Midnight Follies at the Hotel Metropole, is also doing extraordinarily good business. And you can always be sure of seeing a number of very pretty girls there, for it has become the unofficial rendezvous of film stars and film extras, just as the Ivy and the Savoy grill draw the stage actors and actresses.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

More money spinners! Watch them for early engagements. Here they are—

GAY LIGHT was a late order at Kempton Park, but was unplaced in a two-miles hurdle race. Jumped well and will prove a paying proposition.

FERRYSIDE showed promise at Hurst Park last month, and had many supporters at Leicester. Was very unlucky being cannoned into when travelling well. Speedy and a good jumper.

COLENSO put up a fine show against the speedy Kingsford in a two-and-a-half miles 'chase at Kempton Park. Was confidently backed. Never miss this game 'chaser.

PASSADO again disappointed confident backers at Kempton, but he proved that he is consistent. Has finished second on each occasion in three strongly contested hurdle races. Can be relied upon to recover losses.

TARA COTTAGE was well backed at the "off" at Kempton. In a two miles 'chase tired after leading the field a good distance. Is a clever fencer.

PORTLAON is now at his best, and must be followed at Hurst Park. Put up a fine fight against Insurance at Kempton over hurdles.

Miss Joan Fiske, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Fiske, of Harwood Hall, Essex, who is helping to arrange the charity ball in aid of the Stafford Street Settlement for Poor Children, which takes place at Claridge's on Friday next. The committee are all members of the famous Surrey school, St. Monica's

GROSVENOR HOUSE is always the scene of something or other. On Wednesday Lord de la Warr presided at the dinner of the Institute of Certificated Grocers—I would love to know what a certificated grocer looks like. Leap Year Night will be specially gay there, for a special gala evening has been arranged, introduced by Miss Muriel Barnby as Commère. The menus will be in the form of old-fashioned lace-trimmed Valentines, and the Leap Year Cabaret will include an episode of Grandmother's Day. Cotillon dances will be interspersed among the usual ballroom dances, and Leap Year gifts and souvenirs will be given all round.

Lord Grimthorpe, who this year won the famous Curzon Cup on the Cresta Run at St. Moritz, seen holding the trophy after his victory. He is a very keen winter sportsman and is well known in Switzerland

The Lord of Burleigh, which was witnessed by the Prince of Wales and by Prince George in December, will be the novelty in the Camargo Society's programme at the Savoy Theatre on Sunday,

A POPULAR PARISIAN RENDEZVOUS

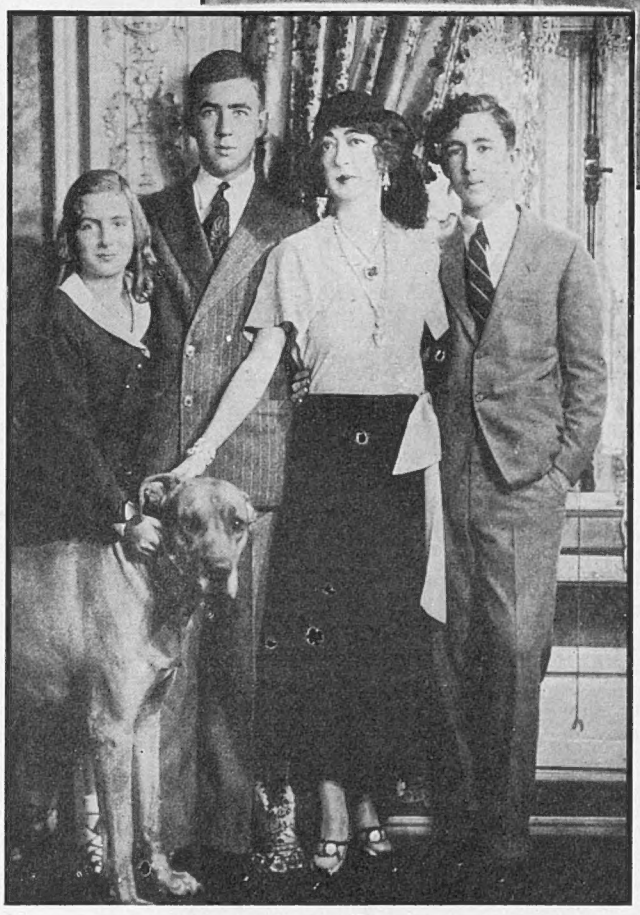
February 28, and the following Monday afternoon. Mr. Frederick Ashton, who is responsible for its choreography, will dance in a "full-dress" performance of *Façade*, and Lopokova will appear as the amiable milkmaid and tango dancer.

FROM Paris I hear that the place to dine at is the Grand Vatel—Victor Perosino's place—but the place for supper is the Boîte aux Matelots. You have to telephone in the morning for a table at night, and even then they may tell you that it is all booked up. The band sit in a fishing smack, and all the waiters are dressed as sailors and fishermen.

TO enter you have to pass an iron grille like an American speak-easy, and if they do not think that you are likely to buy champagne they will not let you in. Another new place is Les Clochards, which is decorated like the arches where the down and outs huddle. This, like the rest of Paris, is full of German visitors spending their money while it has a purchasing value.

IN London the other day I caught sight of Tilly Losch, who is over here for a few days with her husband Edward James. Lady Dashwood and Lady Bowden were two others having cocktails at the Ritz. Incidentally, the "Sweet and Bitter" cocktail, which is gin, lemon juice, and orange curaçoa, is the most popular in London now.

Miss Jacky Hance, the English Champion Woman Rider who went to Berlin to compete against some of the World's finest riders for the Championship of Europe. Although only fifteen, she has already won over 700 trophies



The owner of the famous Hope Diamond at home. Mrs. Evelyn Welsh McLean, of Washington, seen with her three children, Emily, John and Edward. The Hope Diamond possesses a sinister history and is supposed to bring bad luck to its owner, but Mrs. McLean appears to be free from such superstitions

ALL London was at the Poldowski Memorial Concert at the Dorchester, where the people were received

Salmon fishing started again on the first of the month, sports Mrs. D'Arcy Horn, of Whitburn, are seen with the veteran Waters of the Tw

— OUR FICTION —

THE BYSTANDER gives prominence not only to well-known authors, but to younger writers who are becoming equally well known. In our pages in the near future short stories will appear by the following :—

F. C. BAILY
STELLA BENSON
MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES
DAPHNE DU MAURIER
GEORGE FROXFIELD
WINIFRED HOLTBY
GUY GILPATRIC
ERIC LINKLATER
ETHEL MANNIN
CHRISTINE JOPE SLADE
DAVID STEWART
L. A. G. STRONG
JOHN HASTINGS TURNER
ALEC WAUGH

A TREASURE-HUNT PARTY

by Lady Carisbrooke, who has a genius for friendship and put all her heart and soul into the arrangement of the programme. Lady Oxford bustled in looking more like Queen Elizabeth than ever, followed by Emerald Lady Cunard, whose tweed was as neat as her features. Lord Athlone came in rather late and rested his great height against the looking glass wall near the door. I remember Lady Dean Paul at Norman Hartnell's "Circus" party having a tremendous success, for instead of being a ballerina, snake charmer, or knife thrower in as few clothes as it was possible to wear, she appeared as a chocolate seller in a black dress with a white cap and apron and a tray filled with boxes of chocolates. This becoming dress was so attractive, and she was so funny, that all the evening she had a crowd round her.

THERE has been much secrecy observed over the most amusing party of the New Year. The fun waxed fast and furious, and all those invited agreed that there was something to be said for patriotism if such excitements could be found within our own island. The party took the form of a treasure hunt. The clues necessitated visits to various restaurants and hotels, including Quaglino's. A horse's tail had to be located, and a pheasant's tail was feverishly sought for. The Prince of Wales was most successful in tracing clues, his phenomenal quickness standing him in good stead; but the prize was borne off by Lady Diana Cooper, who was home an hour or more before any one: home in this case being Mrs. Dudley Ward's comfortable house.

The entire party met there and danced energetically until morning. It was unanimously agreed that Lady Pamela Smith was the loveliest "Bud," looking, but not behaving, like something out of an early Victorian book of beauty.

THAT "bridge" has captured half the world is well known, so it is not surprising to hear this story, told me by a member of the Court who had just returned from Sandringham. At tea-time the little Princesses always came down to see their grandparents and such guests as were staying in the house. One afternoon Princess Elizabeth arrived proudly wearing a little coat which she quite obviously wished to be noticed. Somebody remarked: "What a pretty matinée jacket you are wearing. Is it new?" Princess Elizabeth looked indignant. "It's not a matinée jacket, it's my bridge coat," said she, but added quickly, "It's quite new, new to-day."

Viscount Knebworth, M.P. (right), and Alf Mancini shaking hands after their three-rounds exhibition bout at the Lime Grove Baths, Shepherd's Bush, during a boxing tournament in aid of the Kiddies' Outing Fund. It was promoted by Mancini, who made his farewell appearance in the ring

men are once more busily engaged with rod and line. Mr. and boatman, Muckle, on the Little Davy beat of the Sprousten eed near Kelso.

A sensation has been caused by the marriage in Nairobi of the Hon. Averill Furness, the only daughter of Viscount Furness, to Mr. Andrew Rattray, the noted big game hunter, who was in charge of his father-in-law's safari in East Africa, but was dismissed when the news of their marriage was made public. The bride is a keen horsewoman and proposes to accompany her husband on safari

Hors d'Oeuvres

by "CAVIARE"

I LOVE original dresses, but I'm not sure I like Miss Pamela Nichols' new silver tissue with huge orange velvet spots as large as oranges themselves. Her sister, Mrs. Peter Horlick, whose dark beauty has attracted much attention, has some peculiar gold jewellery, which is unlike anyone else's, but is, nevertheless, most fascinating. Miss Nichols also startled the Ritz by appearing one day at luncheon with leopard skin epaulets on a green coat.

* * *

LADY BRIDGET POULETT looks very sweet on the "films." She is in "Service for Ladies," but they do not flatter her. Mrs. Booker is in the same film. I recognised her outsize pearl earrings which she always wears. I think she is lovely, and should do very well in filmland, as she is also a hard worker.

* * *

I HEAR a certain political leader has very rough, cave-mannish ideas, but that his lady friends love it.

* * *

MR. GRAHAM EYRES-MONSELL, Sir Bolton's only son, is paying a short visit to London from Paris, where he is studying music. I hear he plays very well and has greatly improved in the last year. His debutante sister, Joan, is most attractive and also very amusing. Mr. Eyres-Monsell is noted for his wit and his hatred of conventional country life.

* * *

ISN'T it funny how people divide themselves into small groups and do everything together. When I see Lady Veronica Hornby and her husband I know the Peter Horlick's are near. Lady Worthington-Evans is generally to be seen with Mrs. Barford. Lady Seafield's great friend is Lady Phyllis Allen, who has been staying with her at her flat at Grosvenor House.

* * *

A CERTAIN hunting romance is ended. He has "gone away," and she is selling her horses.

* * *

LADY ALINGTON has "fallen" for the latest craze for rubies, and has several very lovely bracelets. She wears her hair across her forehead in one stiff, rather thick, windswept curl, but it is a pity she lets her straight hair hide her pretty neck.

* * *

IT wasn't only the snow which caused a certain lady at St. Moritz to slip, I am told, and it had nothing to do with ice either.

* * *

LADY PATRICIA MOORE, one of our bright young people who is considered very clever, possesses a calm, composed manner which is almost disconcerting at times. Young men tell me they are nervous of showing their ignorance, and I have even seen married women at a loss beside her. Lady Patricia is very well dressed, but what young girl isn't these days?

* * *

MISS BABA BEATON'S Empire frock of white covered in diamonds is very lovely. How lucky girls are to-day where clothes are concerned. Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell is always well turned out, Miss Molly Vaughan likes the original, sometimes the exotic, type of dress, and Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore expresses her taste by wearing pork-pie hats, definitely Victorian, and amusing frocks with tendencies towards the same period.

* * *

THE Duchess of Westminster had some lovely birthday presents. It is nice to find someone who is frankly fond of jewellery and who has such lovely pieces. Her large tiara, Russian shape, is very wonderful and a perfect frame for her dark beauty. She is very fond of sapphires, and has some fine emeralds.

* * *

I NOTICED all the musical folk at the concert given at the Dorchester of Lady Dean Paul's works. Lady Carisbrooke has a graceful, far-away look when listening to music. Lady Cunard seems alert, anxious in case some tone is not given its full value. Lady Oxford and Asquith is quite inscrutable, but Lady Lavery, on the other hand, always seems to be in a heaven of enjoyment.

* * *

HOW has a certain brunette who bemoans her penury obtained a sable fur coat? She has lovely clothes, but her husband—the brute—who has just been disposed of by the usual legal methods, gives her only a pittance.

* * *

MRS. EVAN MORGAN is off to Ceylon with her father - in - law, Lord Tredegar. She will be missed, as her amusing parties and her still more entertaining self compete successfully with London's depression. Mrs. Morgan will not take her beloved monkeys with her.

* * *

MY prize this week goes to Miss Angela Brett who is having a wonderful time in America. She is dark, charming, with the happy and sweet disposition which makes everyone around her happy.

A recent photograph of Viscountess Castlerosse, one of the most attractive women in Society. The daughter of Mr. Edward Charles Delavigne, she married the Earl of Kenmare's heir in 1928

FRENCH DRAMA IN LONDON

"Bataille de la Marne," at the New Theatre

Nous sommes heureux de recevoir à Londres la présence distinguée de la Compagnie des Quinze, une troupe qui jouit d'une certaine renommée sur la scène de Paris. Puisqu'en ce moment les portes de Paris nous sont fermées il est juste que Paris vienne à nous. Mais quel Paris lugubre s'ouvre à notre regard dans la pièce que la Compagnie nous a offerte la semaine passée au New Theatre. Au son des canons le rideau se leve pour nous montrer les femmes de France gemissant d'angoisse au départ des soldats pour la bataille de la Marne. Nous sommes jetés dans un symbolisme accablant, un symbolisme qui menace nous noyer dans un fleuve des larmes. Peut-être Paris sait-elle trouver une volupté malsaine dans la catastrophe de "cette fameuse armée française qui foutait le camp" devant l'avance victorieuse des Allemands. Mais, pour nous, soit au champ de bataille, soit au théâtre, le spectacle des sanglots sans arrêt nous répugne. Si ce symbolisme est ce que peut nous offrir de mieux la Compagnie des Quinze, nous préferons de beaucoup un réalisme, tout banal qu'il soit, du téléphone automatique et des frissons du cocktail-shaker.

R. VINER.

"HELEN!": CLASSICS WITHOUT TEARS

by Sasha

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph*

The chamber of Helen as revealed in a scene from "Helen!" at the Adelphi Theatre. She lies in a white bed and all the curtains and decorations are white. The only spot of colour in the scene is that of the recumbent figure of Helen, wife of Menelaus (Evelyn Laye). The swans on each side of the bed are symbolical of her birth, for her mother was Leda and her father Jupiter, who approached the lady in the form of a swan. This beautiful scene is a triumph for the producer, Max Reinhardt

More Scenes from "Helen!" at the

Adelphi: Opera Bouffe in Excelsis

The story of "Helen!" is, briefly, that, tiring of her husband, Menelaus of Sparta, she selected the Trojan, Paris, as her lover. Menelaus is despatched to Cnossus, in the Isle of Crete, by the Gods, whose mouthpiece is an Augur well paid by Helen, who has had many previous lovers. Thanks to a "fog in the Channel," Menelaus returns and discovers Helen in bed with Paris. The Kings are called in for a conference and decide that Menelaus is to blame! Consequently the lovers depart and a ten years' war between Greece and Troy ensues. Finally she returns with Menelaus to Greece, evidently hoping to find another lover. The scene below shows Helen (Evelyn Laye) on the wall of Troy about to witness a fight for her possession between her husband and her lover, who has been living with her for ten years. The crowd of soldiers of both armies, in the midst of an armistice, are seen saluting the cause of the ten years' war.

On the left above is shown the outer court of the Temple of Jupiter at Sparta. In the centre is Helen of Troy (Evelyn Laye) standing on the steps of the Altar of Sacrifice with her attendant maidens. She has come to consult Calchas (W. H. Berry), Chief Augur, who, knowing that she is weary of her husband, Menelaus (George Robey), and sighs for a lover, sees that she gets one.

On the left below Helen (Evelyn Laye), after ten years with Paris (Bruce Carfax), at Troy, begins to find him a bit of a bore. The scene shows the pair in Paris' chamber preparatory to a sparring match over the breakfast table, just as if they were a happily married couple. A criticism by Vernon Woodhouse of this production will be found on pages 260-261.

Exclusive Bystander *photographs by Sasha*

NICE HOLDS HER GAY CARNIVAL

THE Nice Carnival, one of the most elaborate and amusing of all those held on the Côte d'Azur, was a very real success this year. The Clerk of the Weather got the carnival spirit as much as anyone else and rallied to the occasion with a fine supply of sunshine. Some of the giant figures were masterpieces of their kind, making the humans who escorted them to appear mere Lilliputians by comparison. The fun, however, was always on the grand scale

Above are seen some of the "big heads" of the Court of His Majesty King Carnival, who graced the procession with his Royal Presence and thus added considerably to the gaiety of the already gay proceedings. On the right is the King himself with his attendants, both of papier-mâché *and flesh and blood*

Giving them the Bird! Some of the hundreds of revellers who took part in the recent Carnival at Nice passing the closely packed stands which afforded the spectators an excellent view of the proceedings. The Carnival spirit always flourishes on the Riviera, and spectators and performers combine in adding to the carefree spirit of the proceedings

By Harold Beards

"My dear Gloria, you'll ruin me with your extravagance. You'll really have to pull up."
"Gracious! To hear you, one would think you were talking to your wife!"

if Gossip we must

THE more I realise how the authorities strive to make London the dullest city in the world, the more wonderful do I think London is for surmounting those obstacles, and being at the moment indubitably the most brilliant of all the capitals. I pondered on this point during that memorable first-night of *Helen!* at the Adelphi. Not always, of course, is London like this, any more than every first-night equals in importance those which are due to the initiative of Mr. Charles Blake Cochran; I have known many a première every bit as dull as a Premier.

BUT where else in the world could one find a King and a Queen in the stalls, and two grandchildren of Queen Victoria, as well as a host of social, literary and artistic celebrities of the true and 22-carat variety? I do not know, too, any city which would have taken such interest in a production of consummate beauty, with so little deliberate concession to the groundlings. Possibly Berlin is an exception here, though Berlin in other respects cannot rival London despite its commonsense in refusing to be told what it must not drink and when it may go to bed. Paris is a shadow of what it was; it has long ceased to be the theatrical centre of the world, and its spectacular musical shows, dominated by aged and feather-crested femininity, are beneath contempt. New York is hard-up and is squealing badly about it. Rome was always dull, and Mussolini has made it duller. Moscow and Leningrad have lapsed into barbarism and filth.

YES, London is the place. London has the best food, the prettiest women, the most interesting plays, first-rate orchestral concerts, and the most admirable brand of cheerfulness and pluck. I make no excuse for this piece of trumpet-blowing and cock-a-whoopery. We are far too modest about ourselves and our achievements, and at the moment the more we blazon the latter abroad (and at home, too) our business will be better and our morals none the worse.

TO come back to *Helen!* for a moment, some people I meet like Offenbach's music as I do, while others dislike it because, they declare, it is not rhythmic or jazzy enough. Why people should want jazzy music when they have to sit still in long rows I cannot imagine; besides, the tendency in the theatre nowadays is for more melody and less of the strenuous rhythm. Of the more-or-less experts, about half say that the score sounds thin, while the other half say that it was sacrilege for Herr Korngold to touch it up at all, and that he has made it thick and muddy. Which is sufficient proof that it is just about right.

C. B. COCHRAN may have his critics and even his enemies, though he is the kindliest of egotists and the most amiable of men so long as you don't try to make him do something he does not want to do. And, after all, why should he, or anyone, do that? Not the least of his achievements is that, by dint of being our most active impresario, he has done much towards putting London on the map in a highly important sense. Why, before the run of *Helen!* is

Sasha

Gabrielle Casartelli, who played in the satirical comedy, "See Naples and Die," produced at the Embassy Theatre. This play, by Elmer Rice, the author of "Street Scene," may be seen in the West End in the not-far-distant future

VALENTINE-TIME

"St. Valentine's Day falls on February 14 this year" :—Ancient Wisecrack.

SIR H. SAMUEL to the P.M.

DIVIDED we stand in the Cabinet,
The Tariffl in the Lute grows wider yet,
But, Ramsay, you back me so very well
Pray this Valentine take 'rom Samuel.

MR. G. BERNARD SHAW to his GREATEST ADMIRER

No one's so worthy to receive
A Valentine as you, I guess.
You're witty, sharp and erudite
And naturally you're always right,
Therefore, this Valentine to-night
I send to you, dear G.B.S

LADY ASTOR to MR. A. P. HERBERT

Old Allan Water's famed in song
So, Alan Herbert, you are wrong
In advocating liquors strong
Or praising beer and wine.
If only you'd laud water pure
And brewers solemnly abjure,
Why then you'd get from me for sure
A T.T. Valentine!

A CRITIC to MR. C. B. COCHRAN

In gratitude for "Helen," I
Send you this Valentine.
May Ancient Greece in Modern Strand
Continue long to shine.
I'm sure you won't resent this wish
Or bar me next first-night,
For though we know you Offenbach
You're too polite to bite!

B. W.

Mr. R. A. Ingle, who was recently elected Captain of the Somerset County Cricket Club, with his fiancée, Miss Jean Colin. The latter is playing the name-part in the revival of "La Poupée," the charming melodious play at Daly's

over, London, and not Paris, will be leading the world in dress-designing—a point that is the reverse of trivial. I wonder whether Clifford Allen, now a peer, for mysterious public services, has done anything as useful.

NOT more than a very, very few are wealthy enough nowadays to own even a minute portion of a steam yacht. So a co-operative steam yacht, run, that is to say, on club lines, strikes me as an extremely sound idea. For some months past one of the genuine club successes in London has been Punch's—that tiny but exclusive spot to which you could drive a golf ball from Berkeley Square (though I couldn't). Punch's is now going afloat—or will in the summer months. I do not mean that they are going to pick up the premises, put a keel and a mast on them, tie a propeller on behind, and let the chef and the manager take it in turns to steer them up and down the Solent. No, Punch's is to have—at any rate temporarily—a real steam yacht placed at the disposal of its members.

THIS is the "Alacrity," owned by Commander "Monty" Grahame-White. She is a fine boat of 1,830 tons, and most goodly to look upon. The sea-sick need not fear that it will be necessary to board her armed to the teeth—or, rather, tum—with patent cures, for she is to be moored in Poole Harbour (or pooled in Moore Harbour, I forget which) and will be as steady as Westminster Abbey and a good deal more entertaining.

Walter Bird

Renée Foster, who is one of the company playing in that breezy revue, "Walk This Way." Gracie Fields is the bright particular star of the show in question, which is to be seen at the Winter Garden Theatre

Women are taking up polo in greater numbers every year match at the Equestrian Club, Ham Common, near representing the Screen, led by Miss Campbell Russell.

Sonnie Hale and Stanley Lupino, two of the bright leading lights of that successful Gaiety musical comedy, "Hold My Hand," as they strike Edna Clayton. "On with the dance—to say nothing of the music and quips"—is a slogan, the success of which is proved at the box office from ten to ten daily

THE idea is that members of the club, who include Royalty as well as others of the great and good, shall, by paying quite a small additional subscription, be able to use the yacht as a sort of country club for week-ends. There will be facilities for dancing on board, for bathing, and for trips in the sundry speed boats and motor launches to which she will act as a mother ship.

and above are seen players of two teams which met in a Richmond. The lady members of the club opposed a team who is playing in "Walk This Way" at the Winter Garden

THERE will be a cinema on board, first-rate cooking, cocktail bar, and a motor bus direct from Berkeley Square to Poole each week-end. Imagine going to (more or less) your own steam yacht by motor bus! Besides, a few letters written on "S.Y. Alacrity" notepaper might inspire credit in even the most obstinate.

I THOUGHT the year would not get much older before the Grand Opera row started again. The Covent Garden Syndicate is coming in for the usual kicks, mainly because it happens to have a subsidy (not really a subsidy at all, though it would be boring to explain all that again) which is rather less than the cost of the Licensing Commission. Considering Covent Garden has the theatre, the "plant," the company, tradition, and experience, I do not see to whom the subsidy could have been allotted if not to them. However, there are lots of disgruntled folk having their bark, though I imagine the present directorate at Covent Garden are not lying awake o' nights because Lady Cunard has declared in public that she will have nothing whatever to do with them.

Dorothy Wilding

Harriet Hoctor, who is dancing her way into the hearts of British audiences in the Hippodrome revue, "Bow Bells." An American, she graduated in the famous Ziegfeld Follies, where she was ultimately a star of no small magnitude

An International Rugby player in cabaret—E. H. Evans and his partner, Eve Drury, dancing with great success at the Café de Paris, where "Tiny" Miatt's band is now discoursing sweet dance music. The Café de Paris is one of the three smartest and most popular dance resorts in Town

I WONDER if Mr. Dwight Davis, when he presented that famous cup, quite realised the world-wide competition it would evoke for the National Championship of Lawn Tennis. There is no game with such an international appeal, and this appeal is growing. At the moment China is not a competitor, being, perhaps, too busy being "Shanghied" to think of games; but I see no reason why Chinese players should not be as good as Japs—and we know what fine players *they* are!

A PARTICULAR interest attaches to the cup this year as, thanks to Perry and Austin, we have more than a good chance of winning the European zone and beating America for the right to challenge the holders, France. Young Mr. Perry is more in the public eye at present than his fellow-player, but, though prophesy is dangerous, I think we shall find that when the matches come to be played Austin will be as difficult to beat.

NOBODY in his right senses wants to see us involved in a big military scrap in China, but everybody in their right senses wants to see an adequate protection of British lives and interests in Shanghai. That this can be effected without serious difficulty or expense ought to be obvious, but the *Daily Herald*, one day last week, lent a new and sinister note to the business with a poster: "WAR. BRITISH REINFORCEMENTS SENT." The inference that might be born from this poster is too obvious to need stressing, but, fortunately, it takes more than that to stampede the public into imagining that we are back in the bad old days of 1914-1918.

CLUBS AND RESTAURANTS—EXTENSION NIGHTS

Place	Extension Night	Hour	Entertainments
AMBASSADORS CLUB	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Cabaret at midnight.
BERKELEY	Wed.	2 a.m.	Cabaret at midnight.
CAFÉ ANGLAIS ..	Fri.	2 a.m.	Stanelli's Dance Band.
CAFÉ DE PARIS ..	Wed.	2 a.m.	Jack and Jill, dancers.
CIRO'S CLUB	Wed.	2 a.m.	Gwen Farrar and Norah Blaney.
CLARIDGE'S HOTEL.	—	—	Sunday Dance Gala & Cabaret with Collins' Band.
DORCHESTER HOTEL	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Ambrose's Blue Lyres; Naunton Wayne.
EMBASSY CLUB ..	Thurs.	2 a.m.	No cabaret.
EMPRESS ROOMS ..	Fri.	2 a.m.	Hutch and his Revellers.
HUNGARIA	Tues.	2 a.m.	Hungaria Orches., 11.30–12.15.
KIT-CAT	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Cabaret of 80 performers.
MAY FAIR HOTEL ..	Wed.	2 a.m.	Ambrose's Orchestra.
THE MONSEIGNEUR.	Varies	2 a.m.	Nan Blackstone, 10 and midnight.
PICCADILLY HOTEL.	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Frederique; The Marion Pola Trio; The Piccadilly Six.
QUAGLINO'S	Wed.	2 a.m.	Van Straten's Band; Sarah Fisher and Mr. Derrick.
ROMANO'S	Wed.	2 a.m.	Cabaret at midnight.
SAVOY	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Cabaret 10.15 and midnight.
TROCADERO	Fri.	2 a.m.	C. B. Cochran's supper time "Creation."

Pearl Freeman

A delightful camera study of Sybil Stevens, who is now appearing in "Walk This Way" at the Winter Garden Theatre

BY HYNES

"The Captain wants a glass of water, quick!"

AT THE PLAY

A FINE "HELEN"-TERTAINMENT

"Helen!" at the Adelphi

WHEN this new version of the old Offenbach was produced in Manchester it packed the theatre, but I gather from a friend who was stopping in the neighbourhood at the time that Mancunians were not so impressed with this latest C. B. Cochran show as with some of his others.

WERE this so, it is obvious that what Manchester thinks to-day England—or shall we say London?—will think to-morrow is, as a slogan, just a little bit flyblown, for I am sure that playgoers as a body will revel in this production. I have seen every one of Manager C. B. Cochran's theatrical ventures with the exception of *The Miracle*, and *Helen!* strikes me as the most satisfying of all—so far.

DIRECTOR Max Reinhardt, aided and abetted by Oliver Messel, designer of the scenery and costumes, and Leonide Massine, responsible for dances and ensembles, have, between them, provided a feast of beauty for the eye to which it is really impossible to do justice in cold print.

ON occasions stark simplicity is the note, as when the curtain rises on a symphony in white depicting Helen's chamber, and the only splash of colour is centred on the head and shoulders of Helen in bed. This comes directly after the revels which take place in the Conference Room, which really *are* riotous revels, just as the colours of the costumes are themselves riotous.

BUT though those revels are a riot, nothing has been left to chance, and a snapshot photograph taken at any time would, I am sure, reveal graceful grouping in every detail. Here, indeed, is a triumph of producing. There are other perfect pictures in the play, but these two, by force of contrast, stand out most clearly in my memory.

Our own particular artist, H. H. Harris, here gives a general impression of some of the performers in "Helen!" He starts off with Evelyn Laye in the title part as she appears in Act I, while beneath are Calchas, the Augur (W. H. Berry) laughing at the dismay of Menelaus (George Robey), Helen's husband, who finds Paris (Bruce Carfax) a young sprig bedded out with that beautiful flower, Helen. Above, on the right, is Menelaus (George Robey) journeying to Cnossus

By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "HELEN!" AT THE ADELPHI BY H. H. HARRIS

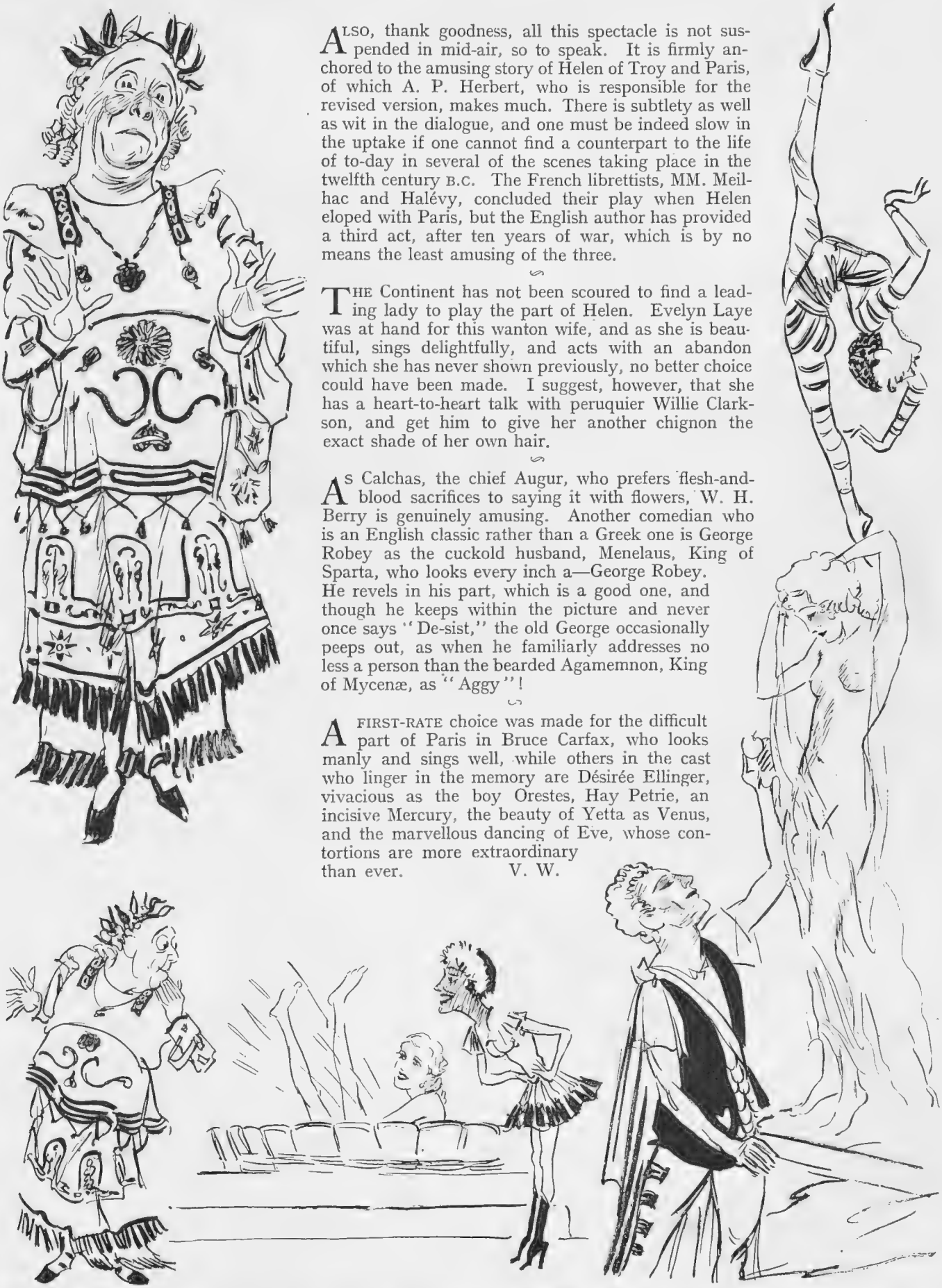
ALSO, thank goodness, all this spectacle is not suspended in mid-air, so to speak. It is firmly anchored to the amusing story of Helen of Troy and Paris, of which A. P. Herbert, who is responsible for the revised version, makes much. There is subtlety as well as wit in the dialogue, and one must be indeed slow in the uptake if one cannot find a counterpart to the life of to-day in several of the scenes taking place in the twelfth century B.C. The French librettists, MM. Meilhac and Halévy, concluded their play when Helen eloped with Paris, but the English author has provided a third act, after ten years of war, which is by no means the least amusing of the three.

THE Continent has not been scoured to find a leading lady to play the part of Helen. Evelyn Laye was at hand for this wanton wife, and as she is beautiful, sings delightfully, and acts with an abandon which she has never shown previously, no better choice could have been made. I suggest, however, that she has a heart-to-heart talk with peruquier Willie Clarkson, and get him to give her another chignon the exact shade of her own hair.

AS Calchas, the chief Augur, who prefers flesh-and-blood sacrifices to saying it with flowers, W. H. Berry is genuinely amusing. Another comedian who is an English classic rather than a Greek one is George Robey as the cuckold husband, Menelaus, King of Sparta, who looks every inch a—George Robey. He revels in his part, which is a good one, and though he keeps within the picture and never once says "De-sist," the old George occasionally peeps out, as when he familiarly addresses no less a person than the bearded Agamemnon, King of Mycenæ, as "Aggy"!

A FIRST-RATE choice was made for the difficult part of Paris in Bruce Carfax, who looks manly and sings well, while others in the cast who linger in the memory are Désirée Ellinger, vivacious as the boy Orestes, Hay Petrie, an incisive Mercury, the beauty of Yetta as Venus, and the marvellous dancing of Eve, whose contortions are more extraordinary than ever.

V. W.



Above, on the left, is Calchas (W. H. Berry), the Augur, bemoaning the fact that everybody thinks the gods like flowers while they infinitely prefer a nice, fat sheep as an offering for sacrifice. Below he is seen as a Peeping Tom enjoying a view of Helen in her bath while Orestes (Désirée Ellinger) looks on laughing. The right-hand pictures show Eve in a contortionist dance, and, below, Paris (Bruce Carfax) handing the apple to Venus (Yetta) garbed in a dress by Nature

My Weekly Thought

by Norman Thwaites

In the matter of disarmament we have plumed ourselves with some justice, on the fact that we alone among the nations have translated words into deeds. With less justice we have pointed an accusing finger at France because of her reluctance to follow our example. We have been rather smug about it.

England boasts that while foreign countries talked of reduction we practised it, and this in spite of vulnerability at home, obligations abroad, and Imperial commitments far greater than any other Power.

America, the author of the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact, has increased the cost of national defence until to-day her expenditure is 135 per cent. above what it was in the years preceding the War. Japan has increased her military budget by 143 per cent. and Italy by 114 per cent. France's increase is only 57 per cent.

Fourteen years after the termination of the war to end war the world is spending £2,000,000 a day on arms. Why? For the last ten years the League of Nations has been preparing a Convention which only now is being discussed at Geneva. Sub-committees have sat at great expense and issued reports of great length, but the League has failed to convince the world of its ability to provide that international security which was the prime reason for its foundation.

S

France has been charged with obduracy. If it be so, there is good reason. In the course of the last hundred years she has been invaded four times. Within the memory of many now living her territories have twice been ravaged. The guarantees of security she requested at Versailles were denied her. The proposal for a joint guarantee by the United States and Great Britain was rejected.

S

Neither France nor England believe that the pledge made by this country to protect the European frontiers from aggression could be fulfilled to-day. Great Britain has, in fact, warned France that, owing to the risk of conflict with the United States, it is doubtful how far we could fulfil some of the pledges of the Covenant.

France has displayed consistent reluctance to take steps in the direction of disarmament because the League, whose business it is to maintain order, has been given no effective instrument wherewith to enforce it. She has seen the League thwarted and flouted. She sees China and Japan face to face, awaiting some display of authority and getting none.

France has told the League that the only way to limit armaments is to adopt the principle of common action rather than rely upon individual defence. Hence her alliances and *ententes*.

France's delegates at Geneva quote with some show of reason the fourth of President Wilson's fourteen points. It ran as follows: "Adequate guarantee given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point *consistent with domestic safety*." They quote also Article VIII of the Covenant, which refers to national safety and the enforcement of national obligations. Who is to judge the requirements of this domestic safety and the fulfilment of national obligations, if not France?

France has responsibilities in Poland, Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia and Roumania, besides her colonies in other parts of the world. It is consideration of the tasks that a nation is called upon to perform that should form the basis upon which the strength of armed forces should be judged. Hitherto International Conferences, and notably the London Conference, have ignored this.

Unless the delegates at Geneva take into account the respective commitments of the States' Members, no progress towards security will be made and France will continue to plead justification for her obduracy.

S

In spite of the teaching of history the conviction persists among the pacifists that armaments, rather than policy, are the cause of conflict. For a hundred years the British Navy was supreme yet engendered neither distrust nor fear. Owing to Britain's unilateral disarmament France recognises to-day that *Pax Britannica* is in peril, after a century of world service in the cause of peace and security.

FRENCH FEARS OF GERMAN REVENGE

The real obstruction to disarmament lies to-day, as always, in France's fear of Germany, and accordingly the French people rightly regard Geneva and all its works with suspicion and distrust. Paris and other cities and towns are now running a tearing campaign in posters to this end. The translation of the screed on the above poster reads: "France has been invaded four times during the last 100 years and cannot disarm unless she is assured of security"

BY A. K. MACDONALD

Above smooth dome and tapered minaret
Our magic carpet bears us onward yet
To where a lovers' Paradise awaits
Those who, through Love, all earthly joys forget.

THE MAG

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

GIC CARPET

But in that haven where the fountains play,.
And Peace Eternal floods the endless day,
Will you still yearn for Baghdad's pleasure-fair ?
Since I know women, I'm darned sure you may !

Humber "Snipe" Saloon, £465. Triplex Glass throughout.

The choice of men who know most about cars

HUMBER

Overseas Representatives:

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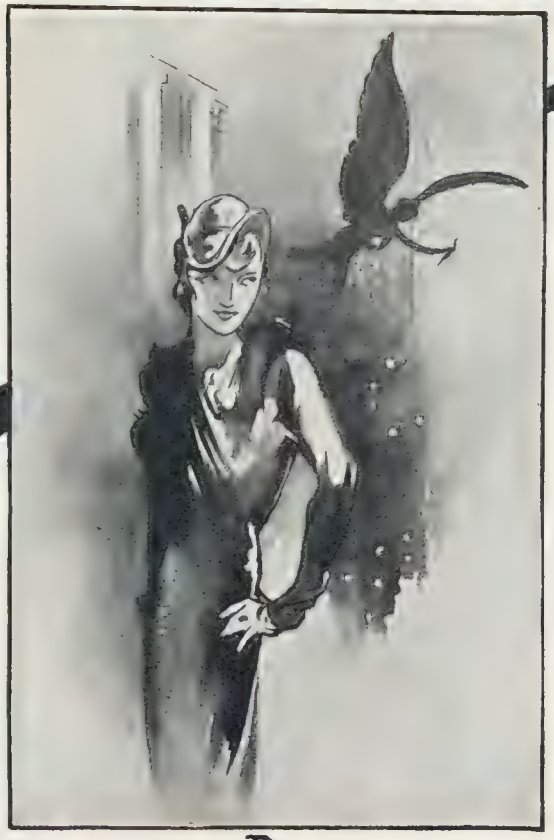
BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Piccadilly



By Daphne du Maurier

Illustrated by CHARLES ROBINSON

She sat on the edge of a chair swinging her legs. Her frock of black satin was too tight for her, and too short; as she tilted on her chair the dress rose above her knees, and I could see the beginning of a ladder in her stocking, hastily mended, the thread jumbled in a knot. Her hair was unnaturally light and over-waved; the vivid red of her lipstick, smudged and thick, toned badly against the pallor of her face dusted with a mauve powder. Her patent shoes were thin for walking, and cheap. The toes were too stumpy and the heels too high. She had thrown off her black coat, the collar and the cuffs of which boasted an imitation fur, and her hat, a minute piece of velvet worn at the back of her head, now lay at her feet. Around her throat was a necklace of scarlet beads that clashed with her mouth. Her face was thin, the skin drawn tightly across her cheekbones, and her eyes—silly doll's eyes, like blue china—stared sullenly in front of her.

Every now and then she puffed at a cigarette, pursing up her lips as a child would do, vainly attempting smoke rings, playing at bravado. She had sprinkled herself freely with scent, but even so it could not altogether hide the smell peculiar to one whose skin is rarely washed, whose clothes are seldom cleaned, whose body is under-nourished. She looked at me under her lashes, and then shrugged her shoulders, throwing aside her cigarette, forcing a smile that went ill with her appearance, that belonged to someone who must have been dead a long while. Then she began to talk at last, her voice hard and metallic, realising that I was not a man but a dummy thing without feeling, a note-book in my hand. "Newspaper boy, that's it, is it?" she said. "You've got to earn your living the same as I have. It's a dirty job, isn't it? When some fellow has left his wife for a new girl your boss sends you round to nose out where it was done and who with. Or else a kid is run over by a tram, and you call on the mother to hear how much blood he spilt. I guess you're popular all right in homes where things have gone wrong. I guess it gives you a sort of pleasure, doesn't it, to poke your fingers into people's lives? You'd think there was trouble enough without a boy like you trampling with heavy feet on something that ought to be kept dark and secret.

"What's it all for, can you tell me? So that Mr. Smith can get a thrill to himself thinking, 'I might have been that chap—unfaithful,' so that Mrs. Smith can wonder, 'Might have happened to my kid'? No—I'm not clever, I'm not wise. But I kind of get time for thinking things now and again. Well, what do you want me to tell you? I've no secrets, not these days. I don't know anyone that's been murdered, nor run over, nor left sudden, nor waiting for a baby. I haven't any friends to speak of. I rub along better on my own. You know—I find the talk of other people silly. Seems as though whatever they say it wouldn't make a pennyworth of change if they'd left it all unsaid. The weather now—ah! that's different if you like. Weather means a lot to me. You understand that, don't you? I hate the rain—I can't afford to have it rain. And I hate the fog—I hate the winter—they're bad times for me. But for Lady Stuck-up in her fur coat and her car, it doesn't hurt her. She's all right. And Miss Prim selling stockings behind a counter, she's all right. Half the world don't worry when it rains.

But me, looking out of this window and seeing the sky like a dripping bucket, and saying to myself, 'Will it stop before night'; and 'Will my shoes let in the wet again?' Yes, and the chap who sells sunshades—*we* worry. Come on, tell me it takes all sorts to make a world. They told me that in school. I don't know why you want to ask me questions. Is it that you're doing a piece in your paper called 'Confessions of the Great'? I've seen that sort of stuff before. 'How I became an Actress,' by Florrie Flapdoodle, or, 'My First Step Towards the Church,' by the Archbishop of Bunk. You want to pry into the lives of humble people like myself. 'As a Kid I Loved Handling Corpses,' said the Undertaker. Is that it? So you want me to give it you, hot and strong, straight from the shoulder.

"Listen, you funny little fellow with your note-book and your inky fingers, I'll tell you a story. Maybe it's true, maybe it isn't. You can make what you like out of it and print it in big letters in the 'Sunday Muck': 'What Led to My Entering the Profession,' by Mazie."

You see, in a kind of way, everything happened because of superstition. I've always been mad for superstition. Walking under ladders, crossing my salt, bowing to the moon, hunting up passages in the Bible. Even now it's the same. Every morning I open my Bible to see if it's going to be my lucky day. Laughing at me? I tell you I'm serious. A girl I knew found "God shall send a pestilence unto ye," and in a fortnight she had it. She didn't laugh. All she knew was that it didn't come from God. . . . We're like that, every one of us.

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

Believing in legends, believing in symbols, believing in signs —the only things we don't believe in are fairies.

Listen—if I wasn't superstitious I'd be a housemaid now in Park Lane. It's a fact. I'd be wearing a cap and an apron. I'd be emptying the slops of some overfed old countess. I'd be meeting my boy Thursday night under a lamp-post and going to a picture house for one-and-three-pennyworth of cuddle. And look at me—I'm free, I don't owe anything to no one, I belong to myself. Haven't I got a room of my own? Once I was a kid that didn't know a thing. I went into service straight from the Soldiers' Orphan Home. A kitchenmaid in Kensington, that was me. No, I hadn't got any relations. Never knew my parents. The fellow who met my mother on a foggy night must have worn a uniform, else I wouldn't have been sent to the Soldiers' Orphan Home. I was happy because I was ignorant. I used to scrub myself every day with soap and wear flannel next the skin. I didn't know any better. I thought if I rose from under-housemaid to upper maybe I'd save enough at fifty to live quiet in the country.

I wanted to marry, too. I thought if you kissed a boy he took you straight away to church. Then I met Jim. Jim didn't take me to church nor did he kiss me much, but he taught me a whole lot of things housemaids don't need to know. I felt for Jim what girls in books feel for the fellow on the cover. You know, he had big eyes and curly hair. Jim's hair was straight and he had a cast in one eye, but I didn't worry. I don't know if there's a name for it—what Jim and I had. In the pictures they call it Love. In the newspapers they call it an Offence. I didn't call it nothing, but it seemed all right to me. I had a pain in my heart when he wasn't there. I'd wait around in the rain; I wouldn't work proper. I thought maybe he'd leave me if I didn't look nice. So I gave up washing and bought some scent and powder, and he said I was fine. He used to say to me, "Look here, Mazie, service isn't any good to you. You're too smart." "Why," I'd tell him, "I can't do anything else." "Of course you can," he'd say, "there's heaps of things you could do. Service is drab. It doesn't lead you nowhere." When I told him maybe one day I'd get to upper housemaid he laughed.

"Are you going to waste your days planning what'll come to you when you're fifty?" he said. "I thought you'd got more sense."

I TOLD him he was mean, but I thought about it all the same. I thought maybe he'd look down on me if I stayed in service. "If I leave my place you'll have to find me a job," I said. He looked queer then, he didn't say much, but next time we went together he petted me so I felt I'd do anything he wanted as long as I didn't have to lose him. "I treat you all right, don't I?" he said. "How do you think I earn money to take you out and give you good times?"

"I don't know. You work, don't you?"

"Yes, I work, Mazie, but not the way you mean."

"Well, tell me," I said.

Then he laughed, slyly, winking at me. "Look at this," he said, and he took a necklace out of his pocket and jingled it up and down before my eyes.

"Where'd you find that?" I asked him.

"And then I saw Jim. He was across the rail, on the other side, on the same staircase—but coming up. We drew nearer, we were level . . . ."

"Took it off an old lady," he said.

Then I understood. Jim was a thief. I was scared. I cried, I said I wouldn't have any more to do with him. I was honest, I said. "All right," he laughed, and went off, not coming near me for three weeks.

That taught me. I saw I couldn't do without him. I wrote him he could steal the Crown Jewels if he liked, as long as he took me back. I thought p'raps I could reform him and one day I'd save enough money to keep him and buy a little house in the country. I gave in my notice to the lady in Kensington. I saw an advertisement in a paper for an under-housemaid in a place in Park Lane.

I showed it to Jim. "That's me," I said. He laughed. "You can't do that," he said. "You come and get rich my way."

I put the advertisement in my bag.

"I'm going to answer it to-day," I told him.

"We'll see," he said.

He said he'd come with me. We went to the Underground and booked to Down Street. I was fussed and worried, I wondered if I was doing the right thing—answering that advertisement.

"Look here," said Jim, "let's make a bargain. Either you go to Park Lane or you come and live with me, work with me. You can't do both; quick now, decide." He said this as we got into the train. I shut my eyes tight. I thought "If only there could be a sign to tell me what to do." Then I opened my eyes, I glanced at the platform as the train carried us away. Suddenly I saw the words flash up at me in lights on a board "Passing Down Street."

Then I said aloud to Jim, "All right. I'll come to you."

YES, you can call it superstition. Each thing has happened to me in that way. In the Underground, too. Funny, isn't it? Never up in the air, never up in the world. Always below, beneath the ground. I was with Jim for about six months. He trained me so I could steal women's handbags without their noticing. It was quite easy. I was expert after a time.

We worked the Underground. I got to know every station, every lift—all the network of passages. Sometimes it was exciting, and dangerous, making me want to laugh, but more often it was hell. Sometimes I'd tremble so I'd come over faint. "Pull yourself together," Jim would whisper, "do you want to give us away?"

Sometimes he'd make me go alone. Then I'd be scared. It seemed as though every one must be looking, and that I was there, all alone, no one near, nowhere to hide if things went wrong.

"You're not bold enough," Jim told me, "how d'you think we're ever going to get rich if you act timid the way you do? Handbags don't bring us in much unless you get a lucky haul. You've got to learn an' be more snappy. Most women nowadays wear bracelets. Why can't you have a try at them?" He'd always be worrying at me.

"Can't you lift a bracelet?" he'd say. He'd complain all the time. He was lazy now, he made me do the work.

One evening when I'd only lifted one bag the whole day he turned nasty. "I'm coming out with you to-night," he said, "and we're going to get a bracelet." I began to cry. "I can't," I said, "I don't feel sure of my fingers."

"You'll do as I tell you or I'm finished with you," he said.

We started to work the Central London line shortly after eleven. We counted on getting the after-theatre crowd. It was at Oxford Circus he saw the old lady in the fur coat walk to the booking office. She booked to Lancaster Gate. Jim nudged me, pointed to her hands.

She wore a large ring on her little finger. It looked valuable, too. We also booked to Lancaster Gate. I was trembling all over, and my hands were slippery with sweat. "I can't do it," I whispered, "I can't do it." He held my arm so tight I nearly screamed. We didn't sit next her in the carriage. We were in another part of the train.

When we got out at Lancaster Gate she was walking up the platform. There were few people about, I saw it was going to be difficult. There wouldn't be the excuse of jostling in a crowd.

She was in evening dress. It was long at the back. She couldn't manage it proper. I thought that perhaps if she tripped in some way——. I brushed against her—she dropped her bag. We both groped for it on the floor. The bag opened and her powder box and purse and odds and ends fell out in a mess. I talked loudly, fussing her, pretending to help, bumping her against the wall—but I had the ring. Then I left her, and ran on to catch the lift, Jim just behind me. "Something is going to happen," I thought, "something is going to happen. . . ." I felt I could see prison in front of me, and I couldn't escape. If the old lady missed her ring in the lift I was done for. I wondered if I had better turn back and get through to the other platform. I knew if I went up in that lift I was finished. And as though to prove it—as though there really was something true in superstition—I saw the notice: "Stand clear of the Gates."

I turned to Jim. "I'm going back," I said. He was rough, he shook my arm. "Get in quick—you little fool," he said. But he was scared, too, I could see the whites of his eyes. He pushed me inside the lift. I saw the old lady running along the passage waving her hand. "I've been robbed," she shouted, "I've been robbed. Stop that girl."

People turned to look at me. I tried to get to the other side of the lift, but it was barred. Then they began to crowd round me and to question me.

Over the tops of their heads I looked for Jim. But he was gone. He was all right. He had followed the superstition—"Stand clear of the Gates."

You don't want me to tell you about gaol, do you? You can squeeze that out of somebody else. There's plenty of ex-convicts who like to get into the newspapers. I've got nothing to say. Oh! Yes—they treated me kind. That's right, isn't it?

And a lady visited me once a week and asked me if I'd been a bad girl, and wouldn't I be happier with Jesus——. I told her No, I didn't care how dirty he'd been to me I'd go with Jim and no one else. That was true, too. Maybe he'd turned me down, but I was his girl. I only wanted to get clear of gaol to be with him again. He told me it was the same for him. He came and saw me once. You stand in a kind of place with bars around, and they let you talk to your friends. "Why, Mazie," he said, "You know I didn't mean to get you in here, don't you?"

"That's all right—I haven't split," I said.

"You aren't sore at me, Mazie, are you?" he said, "it just happened that way, and it couldn't be helped. I tried to save my skin. You won't let on to them here we were working together, will you?" he said.

I told him he needn't worry.

"You're a sweet kid," he told me, "I'm fond of you. It's lonely without you."

He didn't talk no more after that, and he went away. He never came back again neither. But somehow I pictured him waiting for me outside. I guessed he'd he helpless without me fiddling with his things and just being near him.

A man likes to have a girl around if it's only to treat her rough and swear at her, don't you think? It gives him a queer kind of comfort. And loving a girl makes a man forget to wonder why it was he was born.

I guess that's what it was like for Jim, any way. So back in gaol I'd make plans of what we'd do when I was out again. I thought we'd have to lie low for a bit because of my coming from gaol. They keep a pretty sharp eye on you, so I was told by one of the girls. It's no use working your old game again until they've slacked off from watching you. I didn't want to land Jim into trouble either.

There was a kid in there with me who said she was going to go straight when she was out. She believed in the stuff that the visiting lady handed her. I was wise, though. "You'll never be free of this," I said, "it clings like mud, don't you know that?"

"Oh! Mazie," she said, crying, too—young she was—"I wish you'd come with me, and we'd go out to the Colonies together."

"What? and be treated worse than a servant, and scrubbing floors, and people above you?" I said. "I've had enough scrubbing inside here to last me a lifetime. When I get outside I'm going to live like a princess. I've got a boy waiting for me," I said.

She was free before me. "I'm going to Canada," she said. "I'm starting fresh."

Funny thing—they put her with a clergyman's wife up in Bristol, and found out a month later she had started her old tricks again, so they gave her three years.

It just shows you, doesn't it?

I got out in the spring. They talked to me before I left about duty, and citizenship, and humanity, and God. They gave me some money, too. I went out and bought a pair of cami-knickers trimmed with lace. I wanted Jim to find me smart. There never was a day like the day I came out. Blue sky and the sun, and people smiling for no reason. I felt like dancing, and screaming with laughter, and being looked at by fellows, and running away in a corner to cry at the same time.

I kept saying to myself, "Soon I'll be seeing him, soon—soon." I had myself kind of worked up. D'you see? He'd be somewhere around. I knew that. I'd only got to go and find him; he wouldn't be far.

So I looked up at the sky and talked like a baby. "Here—you be off—you aren't any use to me," and I went down into the Underground where I belonged.

I looked for him all day, and I was getting tired, and sore, too. I felt myself thinking, superstitious like—"Maybe there'll be a sign soon to show me what's going to happen." Yes, it was six o'clock, what they call the rush hour in the Underground. I guessed if Jim was still working he'd be busy at that time. I took a ticket at Bond Street. I had to stand nearly five minutes in a queue. I was hot, my clothes sticking to me, my hat at the back of my head.

I wanted to lay down and die. . . .

And the crowd pushing into me, breathing down my neck, straining to get past me, to go their way. I got my feet on to the moving stairway—I leaned against the rail. We were taken downwards, away from the light above, down into the Underground. And then I saw Jim. He was across the rail, on the other side, on the same staircase—but *coming up*. We drew nearer, we were level—and I called out to him, over the barrier that separated us: "Jim—here I am—Jim." He didn't look. He didn't speak. He heard me, but he didn't do anything. He seemed smarter, different, and there was a girl with him—hanging on his arm. I turned, I tried to push back, but there were people coming down behind me all the time, and it wasn't any use. I called out to him once more—"Jim—Jim."

There wasn't anything I could do. I let the moving stair take me where it wanted—down—down. And he, the last I saw of him was a figure right at the very top, blotted against a girl—going out into the air."

She stretched across to a table and picked up a bottle of nail varnish.

"So that was my sign," she said; "he going up the staircase and me going down. That's what you wanted to know, wasn't it? It'll make a pretty picture for your newspaper. Tell me, do they pay you well for this sort of thing?"

Still she tilted on the edge of her chair, swinging her legs.

"Aren't you satisfied yet? D'you like every single scrappy detail? You ask me why I didn't go back to being a servant? Because, little newspaper boy, servants can't have the things I want. Why didn't I go on being a thief? Because I was scared, and I had to have a job that was easy to do—— Why did I choose, beyond anything else in the world, to be what I am? Is that what you want, to put it in head lines?" She laughed, she shrugged her shoulders, she was no longer the Mazie who had told her story, but the Mazie of the moment—ugly, older, hard, false, and without feeling.

She said: "Because when I got to the bottom of that moving stairway I walked to a train, and I got out at a station, and I got in another train, and I got out at another station—and as I stood on the platform I prayed hard to God that He should give me a sign. And He did."

She finished her nails. She dabbed her face with powder, her lips with rouge. She pulled on her coat and her hat, she stood ready with her bag under her arm. She opened her mouth and laughed.

"What was the sign?" she said. "Why, it came straight from God written big above my head, in letters of fire at the end of the platform—'Follow The Red Light For Piccadilly.'"

D. du M.

JUNE

A new photograph of the English musical comedy and revue star, who has been in America for some months now. Now that she has recovered from her recent illness, rumour says she is set on storming the Hollywood film citadel, but be that as it may, we shall soon see her back in this country, for she hopes to be seen in a West End production long before the autumn

Round The Town
by Jane Gordon

Capt. Molyneux, the famous dress designer and head of the house of Molyneux in Paris, who, it is reported, is to open showrooms in London. They will occupy premises in Grosvenor Street

A new kind of head is coming into fashion. It has dark, straight hair cut in the wind-swept way with uneven little bits and pieces brushed round the face, and is either shingled or slightly curled up the back. The eyes are dark, and the complexion very youthful. There is not much make-up except for lipstick. The two Charles sisters, Patricia and Hilary, Miss Gladys Sammut, Miss Rose Bingham, Miss Betty Kemp-Welch, and Mrs. Rex Colclough, all have these sort of heads, and their type of looks are rapidly superseding the platinum blonde. Miss Betty Kemp-Welch was at a party the other night wearing a ruby-red chiffon dress, with a tight red velvet jacket that exactly matched it and showed up her very white skin most attractively.

It will be amusing to see whether the clothes and décor of C. B. Cochran's *Helen!* set a fashion for Greek silhouettes and Wedgwood colourings. The beauty of the whole production is absolutely perfect, and I can imagine any number of women craving a bed and bedroom hung entirely with shell-white chiffon like the one in which Evelyn Laye has her love affair. The Wedgwood blue bedroom with a blue bed and dull white furniture would be comparatively easy to copy, and most effective. Miss Frances Day was at the show the other evening wearing a white chiffon dress cut on Grecian lines. The hip-length jumper was edged with a Greek key pattern, and the ankle-length skirt was accordion pleated, the pleats being pulled a little round the ankles so that they flounced out. So maybe the fashion has already started.

Perhaps all these new dry-cleaning concerns are responsible for the popularity of white evening dresses just now. Mrs. James Pearce (the former Lady Inverclyde) was having supper at the Savoy the other evening, and she wore a white dress of heavy dull crêpe with a shaped shoulder cape. One of the Dolly Sisters wore at a first night last week a long chinchilla coat over a white evening dress, with the skirt made entirely of heavy dull silk fringe; and I noticed at the Savoy Grill a few nights later Lady Oxford in an amusing white satin jumper which was buttoned almost up to her chin, and worn over a black satin skirt.

Cut steel is a good medium for belts. There was a woman dancing at the Monseigneur the other evening in a red chiffon dress and a rather wide belt of cut steel shaped so that it came up into a point at the front. Silver jewellery is also becoming quite fashionable. One of our smartest eighteen-year-olds was wearing two or three beaten silver bracelets, each about an inch and a half wide, on her left arm at a party this week; and a young married woman of my acquaintance is wearing a solid silver chain belt about an inch wide that belonged to her mother at least thirty-five years ago, and looks very well now on dark woollen dresses. What fun it must be to design "junk" jewellery. I would like to see those metal Dorville spring belts made in white enamel on bright-coloured silk, or coloured enamel with white silk. They are used now for belts on sporting jackets and for men's garters, and I can see no reason why they should not make smart bracelets, necklaces, and dress belts.

Lenare

The Hon. Katharine Norton, who has proved most successful as a dress designer and has a very exclusive clientèle at her premises in Savile Row. She is the youngest daughter of Lord Norton

People are certainly taking advantage of the new boost of English fashions, and new English dress houses are already beginning to spring up. Victor Stiebel, who was with Reville Terry for several years, has now started on his own, and is showing an English collection of dresses, hats, coats, and furs. Peggy Morris, who is also English, has been over in Paris studying the new spring and summer fashions, and she is showing her collection of all-British clothes designed entirely by herself in another week or two. Miss Sally Lindley has started a dressmaking business where you can provide your own material and have your models copied at next to nothing; and Capt. Molyneux, I am told, is opening showrooms in Grosvenor Street. I do not see, though, how this last can possibly get under way before the season has begun. If he shows us, as I presume he will, his collection for clients as opposed to his collection for buyers, this branch of the business should be a great success. Molyneux models are bought so extensively by buyers that he always has in Paris a second collection after the buyers have gone home. One imagines that it is this second collection that will come over to England.

This has been a winter of self-sacrifice, which may have been very good for the soul, but is exceedingly bad for the temper. It would not have been so hard if we had been allowed to get all our sacrifices over at one fell swoop. But these long months of gruelling economies, ending with a grand crescendo of 'flu, have been enough to make the most angelic of us peevish. Men are so childish that they never can foresee trouble until it is on top of them. If only they knew they could save themselves a lot of temperamental storms if they expended a little time and money on petting and fussing over us right now. The husband whose wife has been complaining that she has not had a new dress in months and months would be well advised not only to ask her to lunch at the Embassy, but to buy her a buttonhole from that nice one-legged man who stands outside with a tray of flowers.

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Modern Charm

Mrs. Rex Colclough poses specially in a trailing gown of sapphire blue chiffon

Mrs. Rex Colclough is famous, and justly so, for her charm, her smile and her chic, and her air of being pleased is so pleasing that it is no wonder cinema producers are trying to persuade her to make a test. Here she is seen wearing a sapphire blue chiffon gown from Idare, embroidered with huge flowers in iridescent shades of blue and green. The scarf wrap is of jade green chiffon and ties with a tiny bow in front. Mrs. Colclough wears her hair cut short and curled forward in front but it is long enough at the back to turn up in soft curls at the nape of the neck

Photograph by
Maurice Beck

Two Smart Advocates of the Short Fur Coat

A Beautiful Cinema Star and a talented Viscountess pose for "The Bystander" in their new Fur Jackets

(Left) Annabelle, the lovely heroine of "Un soir de rafle," has been on a flying visit to London where she was seen in the adorable little fur jacket pictured above. It is made of snow-white American chevre and is accompanied by a tiny muff with an opening flap which conceals a purse. Mademoiselle Annabelle wore this both with a black afternoon dress and hat and with a black velvet dinner gown trimmed with ermine tails

Howard & Joan Coster

(Right) Lady Tiverton, who was before her marriage to the only son of the Earl of Halsbury, Miss Ismay Crichton-Stuart, is very tall, dark and distinguished looking. Here she is seen in a short coat of summer ermine from Percy Vickery which has no collar but a narrow scarf is attached to the back of the neck and ties in front. She wears this with a black jersey dress and a black tam-o'shanter hat which ties on one side of the head with three bows

A Spring Wardrobe

Lady Louis Mountbatten chooses some delightful costumes for her projected sojourn in Malta

THOSE lucky people who depart to sunnier climes before our winter is over are apt to be rather in the position of the early bird with the fashion worm, for styles which we will be offered later in the season are already suitable for travellers to the South. Lady Louis Mountbatten has set off for Malta via St. Moritz with a collection of clothes from Worth which illustrate many of the new tendencies of the spring mode. Chief amongst them must be noticed the puffed sleeves of several varieties, the faconné satin ensemble for afternoon wear and a restaurant dinner gown of patterned lamé. This is illustrated on the right and is carried out in a gold flowered material: it has a high round yoke and puffed sleeves which terminate in long tightly buttoned cuffs. The fullness of the skirt is concentrated below the knees and the draped bodice is finished by a bow at the back of the waist. The fullness of the gown above it in the centre of the page is also placed very low down and consists of a circular flounce mounted in zig-zags. Next to it on the right is an attractive little cape-wrap of navy blue wool trimmed with sable and has a matching muff and is accompanied by a one-piece dress of the same material. The figure below it shows a three-quarter length coat—a significant detail of spring ensembles—which has curiously shaped sleeves and a hem bordered with silver fox. The coat is of black velvet and is the companion of the gown sketched at the top of the page. The two figures at the bottom show a dress of faconné black satin with short sleeves and a wide belt and a coat of the material trimmed with an upstanding collar and puff sleeves of ermine

A Selection of ... from the Chic

The Modern Woman ... on the minor details of her ... does on the ... choice

Handkerchiefs now-a-days may be of crêpe de Chine, like that at the top of the photograph on the left which is of white silk spotted with green, or of the finest linen and lace like that of the second handkerchief which is bordered with real Binche lace. The left hand handkerchief is of chiffon printed with a lace design and the right hand one is also of chiffon with an attractive monogram appliqued in satin. From the White House

WE

Monograms and initials are of great importance amongst the smart woman's accessories and many women have an individual initial specially designed for them which they have printed on their notepaper, embroidered on their lingerie and their linen and which even adorns their china and their trunks. Most of these are of modern inspiration and cupids and roses seem to have had their day

Accessories

Woman's Boudoir

expends as much care Toilette as she of her new clothes

The perfumes of Araby are as nothing to the manifold scents available to-day and every season new and exquisite bottles filled with precious and sweet smelling liquids appear. Many of the new perfumes have serious names, such as Houbigant's "Etude," or are known by numbers like Isobel's "No. 223," but Idare has started a hue and cry with her "Scandal" and Elizabeth Arden is more frivolous with her "La Joie," and Roger Gallet equally so with his "Feu Follet"

The choice of notepaper is justly important because our letters are personal messengers to absent friends and bear with them the imprint of our character and our tastes. The fashion for the bizarre and extraordinary has fortunately passed and the newest and smartest styles are those which are reasonably conservative in design but which show care and taste in the lettering and choice of paper. Fountain pen from Ford's

Photographs by Helen Macgregor

ATTRACTIVE "ANNABELLE" in a Simple Love Tale

Annabelle, the attractive little actress who plays one of the leading parts, that of a cabaret dancer, in "Un Soir de Rafle," the French talkie which tells the story of the rise and fall and subsequent "come-back" of a boxer who, whilst still a sailor, befriends the girl who is later instrumental in starting him in his pugilistic career. The story is by no means a new one, but the simple charm of treatment and the delightfully sincere and unaffected acting of Annabelle, who was the star of that delicious French farce, "Le Million," makes this film an outstanding one among recent productions. Albert Prejean, who plays opposite Annabelle, was the star of "Sous Les Toits de Paris."

Fred (M. Lerner), a noted boxer, and the sailor, Georget (Albert Prejean), did their best to cheer up Mariette (Annabelle), whom the latter befriends after a raid. One of the early scenes in the charming French talkie, "Un Soir de Rafle," directed by Carmine Gallone. It recently had its first showing in England at the Rialto, in Coventry Street

Another scene from "Un Soir de Rafle." The Baron (Lucien Baroux) and Yvonne (Edith Mera) view with polite contempt the reconciliation of Georget (Albert Prejean) with his sweetheart, Mariette (Annabelle), and his trainer, Fred (M. Lerner), after he has achieved a "come-back" in the ring

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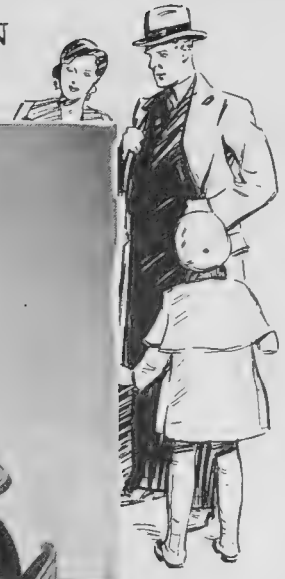

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The First Batch

Critiques

MISS HELEN SIMPSON

Whose latest work, "Boomerang," is an historical novel of outstanding merit. It is published by Heinemann at 8s. 6d.

THE fashion, set by Mr. John Galsworthy, of novels dealing with the history of several generations of a family, is having an increasing attraction both for writers and readers. The latest writer to seek inspiration from the genealogical tree is Miss Helen Simpson, with *Boomerang* (Heinemann: 8*s.* 6*d.*). It is no exaggeration to say that, up to a certain point, she has achieved a triumph.

Nothing more original, more interesting or more diverting could be imagined than the history of Auguste-Anne Boissy de Mortemar, who went out to govern the French island of Corazon in the later years of Louis XVI. When that monarch was guillotined Auguste-Anne was made king of Corazon. Marriage and an heir being necessary, he went to England in search of a wife, finding one in the person of a lodging-house keeper's daughter at Bristol. Unfortunately, a tidal wave sweeps Corazon and Auguste-Anne out of existence, and his only son, Gustave-Félicité, is not only orphaned but beggared. He takes service with Charles X of France, sharing his exile at Edinburgh, and remaining with him until his death. In 1837 he went to Australia, marrying within five weeks of his arrval.

His children become Australian of Australian, but his granddaughter, Clotilde, has embarrassing opinions, which lead her family to send her to Europe. She returns to Australia as the Countess of Frome and wife of the Governor-General. Up to this point the book is brilliantly original. Then Miss Simpson suddenly changes a style which has made all the Mortemars vivid and living, and gives an entirely different conception of the character of Clotilde. The last part of her book is exactly like the ordinary novel. Probably, if the rest of the story were not so outstandingly well told the difference would not be so noticeable. But the book should be read because, leaving the sudden change aside, it is one of the best of its kind: triumph of colour, life, and character.

MISS URSULA BLOOM also has stepped back into the past for the motif of *The Pilgrim Soul* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*). She begins in the later Victorian period when conventions of every sort and kind surrounded the lives of young girls in the position of her heroine, Emily Vane, the daughter of a doctor in a provincial town. Emily marries Charles Hedley, a dashing young soldier, but throughout her life is pursued by the Victorian bogy of the construction that would be put upon her innocently spending a night in a man's rooms. Her daughter, Judy, a child of to-day, considers marriage unnecessary to her relationship with a young artist, and Emily, widowed and lonely, goes voluntarily to the only man she has ever loved, although he is married and his wife won't divorce him. Such is the daughter's influence upon the mother. An original situation, but for all Miss Bloom's skill in setting forth atmosphere and situation I doubt if Emily, rooted so deeply in the old convention, would have sacrificed what she would have called her self-respect, and I doubt, too, if Mathew was the type of man to accept the sacrifice. However, an interesting excursion into modern morals.

MISS MARIGOLD WATNEY

Her first novel, "Ducks on a Pond" (Philip Allen: 7s. 6d.), stamps her as a young writer of great promise

AND there is the same idea in *The Mistress* (Nash and Grayson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Gideon Clark. Here we have two County Council schoolmistresses who consider that, since they choose, they have every right to become the mistresses of two married men because they love them. The central character, Dorothy Garrard, is thirty-four when she falls in love. The character is cleverly sketched, with the result that you see the happenings of the story through Dorothy's eyes, whatever your own particular opinions about free love may be.

YOU will be charmed by *Ducks on a Pond* (Philip Allen: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Marigold Watney. This, I understand, is the writer's first novel, and she is to be congratulated on a mastery of technique often so sadly lacking in practical masters of fiction. Miss Watney has the gift of conveying her characters with their failings, foibles and qualities, through the observation of the people in her story, a difficult and rather subtle task—what is called relatio oblique. The result is so happy that when you close the book you have a vivid picture in your mind of the little village of Greenways, over which Sir Giles squired from Theberton Towers, with its differences, its humour and pathos, its pettinesses and kindlinesses, built up steadily as the story progresses.

SOME BOOKS FOR YOUR LIBRARY LIST

THE GATE SWINGS OPEN. (John Murray: 7s. 6d.). By Daisy Fisher.—As charming and attractive as the author's first novel. PIECRUST.—Humour, pathos, and excellent dialogue.

THE WHITE HUNTER. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.) By C. T. Stoneham.—A story of unusual adventure showing how a City clerk becomes a professional big game hunter. Most original.

CLIMAX AT THE FALLS. (Benn: 7s. 6d.). By Gregory Baxter.—A detective story of the best kind with unceasing excitement from cover to cover.

THE CLOTH IS WOVEN. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.) By Simon Dare.—The author has a special gift for portraying ordinary people in ordinary circumstances. Here she achieves another success.

THE CHELSEA MYSTERY. (Stanley Paul: 7s. 6d.) By Elaine Hamilton.—An ingenious story of a mysterious murder. Well constructed and full of surprises.

THE AFFAIRS OF MAN. (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.) By John Hastings Turner.—An original and engrossing story in an Eastern setting.

CAPS OVER THE MILL. (Murray; 7s. 6d.). By Marjorie Booth.—Both charming and clever. A story of the clash of temperaments between parents and children.

# of Spring Novels

by "Junius"

Sir Giles tells the story, and through him Miss Watney gives us the whole atmosphere of Greenways, with the tragic little figure of Gillian in the foreground. Sir Giles's tragedy comes when Gillian runs away with the handsome son of the doctor the night before their wedding. All Miss Watney's characters are admirably drawn, but her greatest success is in the rector, Marcus. His influence permeates the whole village, bringing peace and understanding to long-standing feuds, charity of thought, and kindness of deed, and yet the man himself speaks but rarely. With great skill Miss Watney shows the effect of his influence through the change in other people's lives, and in their outlook. I find the book both appealing and powerful, and you who love the country and gardens will delight in the happiest descriptions I have read for a long time.

THE last lines on the blood-coloured jacket of *Man Made Angry*, by Hugh Brooke (Longmans: 7s. 6d.), are startling. "Here is the first sympathetic biography of a 'Jack the Ripper.'" Is a study of homicidal mania of a particularly hideous and diabolical kind, a subject for fiction? Myself, I think it should be left to medical journals. Mr. Hugh Brooke thinks differently, but I doubt if he will gain any sympathy for his poet-maniac, Mr. Dell, the son of a wealthy Lancashire butcher, who comes to London to seek a literary fortune with two long, sharp knives hidden in the bottom of his trunk. A terrible form of insanity explains Mr. Dell, but nothing can explain the author's creation of Mr. Vottlinger, a man who knows about Dell's hideous murders, and says nothing. Is any useful purpose served by the writing of such books? Mrs. Belloc Lowndes once wrote a novel on rather similar lines, but did it more artistically.

IN real life Miss Peggy Deane would have found herself at least in a police court, if not a police cell, for her attempt to blackmail Mr. Peter Graves, by luring him to her hotel bedroom by a false alarm of burglars, and then locking the door and throwing the key out of the window. But in *Good Time* (Collins: 7s. 6d.), by James Wedgwood Drawbell, Miss Peggy "gets away with it," and has the chance of earning the money she mulcted from Graves by becoming his secretary. The book is original and entertaining, but I hope it won't put ideas into the heads of possible Peggy Deanes.

MR. FRANK HIRD

Whose latest thriller, "Clipped Hedges," has just been published by Stanley Paul at 7s. 6d. It is an entertaining book

MISS URSULA BLOOM

Another novelist who has turned back to the past for the motif of her latest novel, "The Pilgrim Soul." The publishers are Hutchinson, and the price is 7s. 6d.

AN ENTERTAINING MYSTERY STORY

IN "Clipped Hedges" (Stanley Paul: 7s. 6d.) Mr. Frank Hird, who has for many years been among the regular contributors to THE BYSTANDER, has given us a new mystery story which, whilst containing thrills in plenty, never makes the mistake, all too common in books of this type, of sacrificing Probability and even Possibility on the altar of Sensation. The dashing hero who knows not the meaning of fear, but bestrides the narrow world like a Colossus thwarting swarthy and incredibly sinister villains at every turn doubtless appeals to the Lower Fourth mind, but is apt to prove irritating to the more sophisticated. It is for the latter that Mr. Hird writes, and, in consequence, his characters are all real people who talk and act like human beings.

What is the connection between the empty Queen Anne house standing in a quiet corner of the English countryside and a gang of cocaine smugglers in South East Europe? That is the problem which, as the story proceeds, presents itself to Jeffrey Allcott, and in the ultimate solving of it we accompany him as far afield as Crete and Sicily, where he meets Hilary Marston, who is not only a remarkably attractive young person but a most efficient business woman into the bargain.

THE danger of disclosing much of the plot of a mystery lies in the fact that the reviewer may all unwittingly reveal some vital secret which the author has been closely guarding. I will, therefore, say no more about the plot of, and incidents in, "Clipped Hedges" than that the reader is carried along from thrill to thrill at a rattling pace. Incidentally, the author draws some attractive pictures of life and conditions in the comparatively unknown island of Crete.

B. W.

MR. HUGH BROOKE

The author of "Man Made Angry" (Longmans: 7s. 6d.). A very creepy story

MR. J. W. DRAWBELL

His latest novel, "Good Time" (Collins: 7s. 6d.) is an entertaining adventure story

ARE WE SAFE IN THE AIR? By Capt. C. E. Ward

The tugs so familiar at seaports have their counterpart on the aerodrome. Our picture shows a fifteen-ton air liner being moved into position at Croydon by a tractor small enough to be stowed inside the cabin of the giant. Below is Sir Alan Cobham examining the Standard Telephone Company's wireless set for light aeroplanes after he had tested it at Heston. The set has a range of 100 miles.

Air Power

FIGURES being notoriously unreliable as a guide to progress, it is not easy to judge from those submitted to the League of Nations for the air forces of the world whether our strength is above the safety line or not. A great deal depends on efficiency, both of personnel and flying equipment, and in this respect there is no doubt that we are ahead of France and Italy, our nearest neighbours who operate a greater number of fighting machines than we do. The French have realised the inferiority in the performance of their aircraft, and, as a result of searching questions in the Chamber, an enquiry is now taking place.

It was a matter of pained surprise in France when the Belgian Government placed a big contract with the Fairey Aviation Company and Rolls-Royce for high-speed fighting machines, as Belgium had always been looked upon as one of the foreign preserves where French equipment could always be sold.

Our Latest Machines

OUR latest Interceptor fighting machine, built by Vickers with a Bristol-Mercury engine, has a top speed approaching 240 m.p.h. at 20,000ft. Even more remarkable is its cruising speed at this height of more than 200 m.p.h., whilst its absolute ceiling is 36,000ft. As an illustration of the time taken to perfect a new type, this one was exhibited in its original form at Olympia during the Aero Show of 1929, roughly two and a half years ago. Although all flying machines would be of military value in time of war, the industry has become divided into groups, some firms specialising in Service aircraft, others in civil types, whilst a third section has been successful in both markets. Of the firms recently formed, Airspeed, Ltd., of York, has an interesting machine now at Martlesham for tests, which is designed to carry a pilot and ten passengers, using three Gipsy engines. It is realised today that the pilot must have the best possible view in all directions to avoid the danger of collision; and with this in mind the Airspeed "Ferry" has its centre engine built into the upper plane, so that the view forward is completely unobstructed.

Gliding Camp at Easter

A SPECIAL Gliding course at a fee including the use of tents and some camping equipment is being organised by the London Club for the Easter week-end. The club's ground at Dunstable will be used, and this is, incidentally, one of the finest sites in the country for soaring. Should wind conditions be unsuitable for the normal launching apparatus, cars will be available to tow the gliders along the top of the hill. The course commences on Thursday, March 24, and will continue until Easter Monday at a fee of £2 10s. for the full period. Five fully qualified instructors have been engaged, and the number of pupils to be accepted will be in accordance with the gliders available, so that everyone who attends should be able to secure one or more licences before the meeting terminates. By the way, those intending to camp out must bring their own beds, but food and drink will be on sale at the Club-house.

Current Events

MAJOR "JACK" SAVAGE is having an anxious time whilst his right to sell searchlights for writing on the clouds after dark is being reviewed by a Parliamentary Committee. Several of his opponents are professional busybodies who have not even witnessed a demonstration, and it is to be hoped that this remarkable invention will get a fair show in its own country.

As a result of his process for skywriting by day, Major Savage has been able to spend hundreds of thousands of pounds on British aircraft and in paying British pilots and engineers to carry out contracts all over the world. His searchlight for advertising at night is an anti-aircraft projector of immense power, and each one is built so that it can be used for defence purposes merely by throwing over a switch to erase the commercial slogan, in place of which will appear a "grid" that has many advantages over a solid beam of light. The Segrave Memorial Trophy has been awarded to Sq.-Ldr. "Bert" Hinkler for his solo flight from New York to London, including the famous hop across the South Atlantic. This decision will be especially popular because Hinkler has received so little recognition for his remarkable feat. The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, with her husband as relief pilot, is planning an attack on the world's endurance record with refuelling in the air. At present the duration figure is twenty-seven days, and is held by the United States. The test is primarily one of engine reliability, coupled with careful organisation for daily supplies of fuel and food.

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Mr. Percy Perrin, the well-known Essex cricketer, out after wildfowl. He is seen shooting from his punt on Hickling Broad, near Wroxham.

FEBRUARY WILDFOWL SHOOTING

By "Clodhopper"

ALTHOUGH last Monday was the final day of partridge and pheasant shooting, there still remains for those of us who are loth to lay by our guns until the very last moment a month of more or less promiscuous sport with snipe and wildfowl. Having recently returned from a short—and, incidentally, disappointing—visit to one of the best districts for duck and snipe in North-east Lincolnshire, I will vouch for the fact of there being exceptionally large numbers of pink-footed geese, mallard, curlew, godwit, knot, and plover on the more favoured feeding-grounds of the East Coast, while not for many years past have I met with such quantities of both full and jack-snipe on the coastal marshes and saltings as during the latter part of last month.

A gunner stalking a creek for wild duck on Hoveton Broad, Norfolk, the private estate of Mr. C. J. Bofeld, of Hoveden House

BUT, notwithstanding that I shot a couple of widgeon on the "kids" at Saltfleet, Lincs, in mid-October, comparatively few of these sport-affording duck have been killed on any part of the coast so far this season. Nor have I seen, or heard, of any abundance of brent geese on the shooting stations, though doubtless both species will invade our shores in force before the close of the season.

WITH the exception of a couple of hard nor'-easterly gales and two or three days of sharp white frosts, there has been no duck-shooting weather this winter. Indeed, whilst waiting under the sandhills for the evening flight, on January 21, a bat engaged in hawking for unseasonable and mishatched midges and other winged insects actually flew round the heads of myself and a local wildfowler who was acting as guide and henchman to me. Geese, duck, and waders in their thousands are to be seen in the tidal estuaries and along the coastline generally, where suitable feeding-grounds prevail. All that is required between now and March 1, when the season ends, is a good spell of frost and strong easterly or north-easterly winds to keep the birds down in flight. Under such weather conditions any experienced punt-gunner or shore-shooter well acquainted with the habits and haunts of wildfowl, and the topography of their feeding-grounds, may still anticipate good sport during the present month.

THERE will certainly be not a few hardy Bystanders who purpose putting in a few by-days on the fowling-grounds before storing their guns for the close season. To these I would say, having chosen your shooting station, lose no time in journeying thereto the moment there is a prospect of a cold snap. If the frost is accompanied by strong winds so much the better, but remember that a duck shooter's kit should consist of pure wool entirely and of a colour that assimilates with the grey, brine-bleached herbage of the salt-marshes, sand dunes, or sea-walls, as the case may be. High rubber boots (preferably thigh boots) and heavy woollen stockings are also essential.

UNLESS the coastal duck-shooter be accompanied by a well-trained and strong-swimming retriever of some kind, he will lose many a hard-earned bird in the tide, and during the dim light of the brief but exciting early morning and evening flight. Personally, I swear by the hardy and courageous Labrador, a breed which appears to be impervious to cold and wet, and which will face the roughest and swiftest of water to gather a dead or crippled bird. The Irish spaniel and curly-coated retriever are, too, bad to beat, as 'fowling dogs, and for that matter I have met with not a few nondescript - looking animals, which proved themselves to be invaluable to a short-shooter.

IN mild, calm weather, few mallard or widgeon find their way into the wildfowler's bag. Still fewer grey geese are likely to be killed, though I hear that tens of thousands of the pink-footed species are to be *seen* on the Upper Humber. In open weather the ducks remain well out on the tide from dawn to dusk, and so wary are they that the most expert of punt-gunners cannot steal a march upon them.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

AN END OF SEASON DUTY

THE one final piece of advice at the close of a shooting season is to give the gun an extra special clean, though, wiser still, is it to send it along to the gunmaker for stripping and general overhaul. The principal reason why a gun needs this attention more than any other mechanism is that none but the thinnest oil can be used, this to avoid the risk that it shall turn to gummy consistency. Thin oil by nature has poor lubricating quality, further, its film thickness is microscopic, hence the wearing surfaces soon dry off and allow metal to touch metal. That means wear, and wear means loss of adjustment in parts having no margin for the smoothing of fresh contacts. Again, there is always the fact to remember that a certain amount of the cap gases get into the action via the striker hole; their deposits are highly corrosive and should be removed periodically. Very naturally the gunmaker is alert to discover any defects which add a repair job to simple cleaning, but this tendency is good since it works out to the owner's interest. If by any chance the trigger has been pulling badly try to interest the gunmaker so that he may suggest a radical cure. A certain gun of mine, first class in appearance and workmanship, was cursed with cheap foreign locks. At a cost inside £5 I had new tumblers and sears fitted—the work of our best lock-maker. The appreciation in value was exactly the difference between a useless possession and, say, one worth £50.

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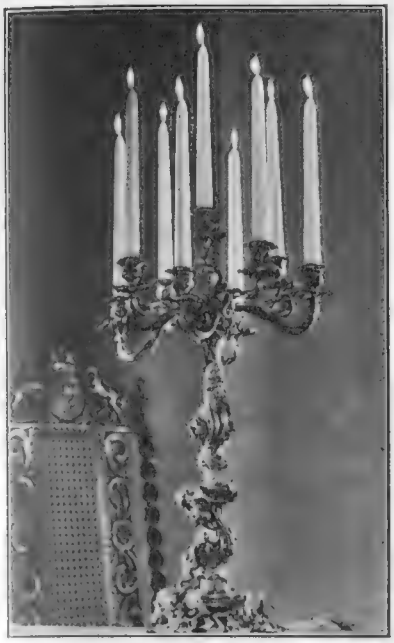

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By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

MR. LISTER HARTLEY
Who, the author says, should be one of the members of our Walker Cup team

IF I were king—I mean if I had my way in golfing matters—I would set about laying my plans to win the Walker Cup now. In the first place, I would elect the probable team from the following, but at the same time keeping my eye on other possibles:—

Lister Hartley, Rex Hartley, L. G. Crawley, who is, in my opinion, the finest fighter we have, a remarkable feature of his play being that he does not let anything upset him. If he is in a bunker, by the time he is out he appears to have forgotten all about it, and goes on with his game unperturbed. This is, to my mind, a mark of greatness, and the most desirable attribute for a member of such a team. The others should include Reggie Straker, Eric McRuvie (Irish Open Champion), Eric Fiddian, Dale Bourn, Tony Torrance, and J. A. Stout—these two would be the seniors of the team—and, finally, T. P. Perkins.

* * *

THE Captain should be appointed now. This presents no difficulty, and the team should get together at once and arrange week-end fixtures against the hottest sides possible. It may be difficult to get the complete team together regularly, but a number would be available. There is no doubt that in Rugby football, touring teams such as the New Zealanders and Springboks, owed a great deal of their success to their complete understanding of one another, and, in a lesser degree, it is my opinion that this applies to golf. The Captain will be called upon to decide who will play together in the foursomes, and the temperament of the players must be carefully considered for this. There are certain good players I hate playing with in either a four ball or foursome, and if by chance I have to play with them the result is usually unsatisfactory, whereas with those with whom I feel at ease the reverse is the case. I think for this year's contest there should be an entire change over in the team and methods of preparation.

MR. REX HARTLEY
Another fine golfer who should represent England in the Walker Cup team against America

IF funds and regulations will permit why not appoint a coach, say, Percy Allis, who is now in this country and unattached. I am not suggesting for one moment that any of these players require tuition, but I have no doubt that they all would be glad of Allis' advice on some points in their play, particularly if he had the opportunity of watching them all frequently. Let us make up our minds we are going to win this cup and get busy now.

* * *

CHARLES GRAVES took a Press team down to Stoke Poges recently to play the Screen Golfing Society. It was a pretty hot side, and I fully expected a victory for the Press, but the Screen Golfing Society carried off the honours by 13 points to 5. In the foursomes L. Abrahams and E. Owen Jones (S.G.S.) beat General Critchley and Harry Rowntree by 3—2. E. Mobbs and J. C. M. Shepherd (S.G.S.) beat Sir Frank Newnes and M. Allberry 6—4. F. S. Fisher and Major Middleton (S.G.S.) beat Charles Graves and Tom Webster 8—6. Albert Clavering and H. J. S. Young (S.G.S.) beat W. Darlington and Beverley Baxter 2—1. J. Bernard and Mark Ostrer beat J. S. Holmes and Frank Gentle by 1 up. Noel Thompson and D. Stevenson won the only foursome match for the Press by defeating C. Penruddick and A. J. Graham by 1 up.

* * *

THE Screen Golfing Society's competition for prizes presented by Mr. Walter Morgan was held at Stoke Poges. The results were as follows:—

Senior Division.

L. Nathan	91−14=77
E. Owen Jones ..	78+ 1=79
J. Raynum	95−17=79

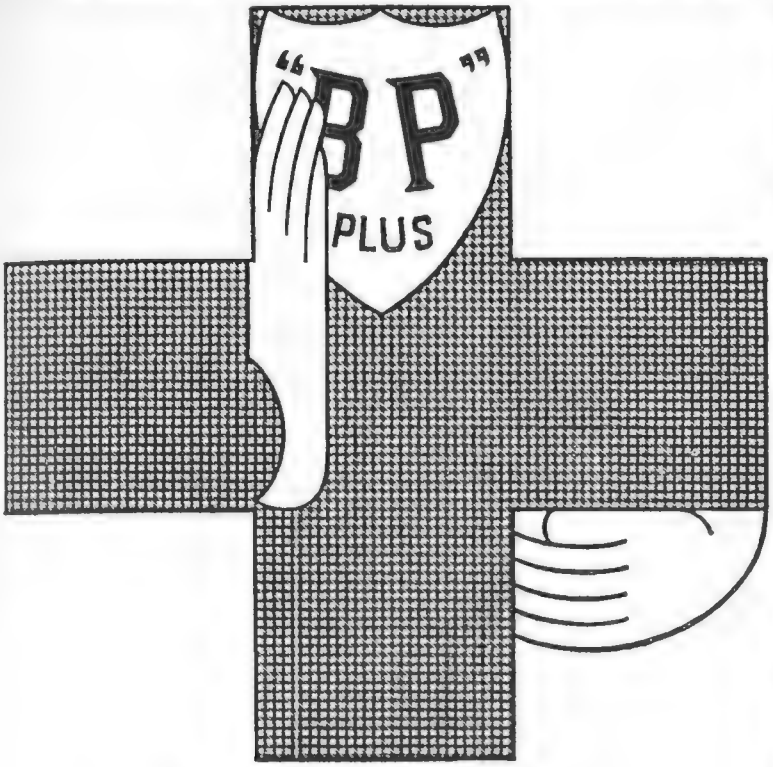
Junior Division.

S. Smith	107−28=79
S. Foster	112−28=84

* * *

THE balance sheet of the Stage Golfing Society, which I have just received, is a very satisfactory one, and I notice that in the letter which accompanied it Ernest Graham states: "The membership of the Society is quite full." Sir Nigel Playfair is to be invited to become President, and Austin Melford Captain.

MR. ERIC McRUVIE
Who might with advantage be another of our Walker Cup team. He is the Irish Open Champion



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SCREEN AND PRESS GOLFERS JOIN BATTLE

Right: Competitors in the recent match by singles and foursomes at Stoke Poges between the Screen Golf Society and the Press Golf Society on the steps of the Club-house. The Screen proved easy winners by twelve matches to four

Mr. Mark Ostrer (left) in action. In the singles he lost to Mr. Tom Webster by one hole. On the right Sir Frank Newnes is seen in action against his Screen opponent, Major Middleton

Mr. Tom Webster, the famous sporting cartoonist, finishing a good hearty drive. He should experience no difficulty at keeping to the right line!

Left are seen four more players in the Screen versus Press golf match. They are, from left to right, Mr. L. Abrahams (Screen), Mr. Harry Rowntree (Press), Brig.-General A. C. Critchley (Press), and Mr. Owen Jones (Screen)

MOTOR NOTES

CHEAP CARS FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

By E. M. WRIGHT

Prince George leaving the new Church Army Work-Aid Home at Acre Lane, Brixton, which he visited recently. His car is a Hillman Wizard

ALMOST as old as jeremiads against the modern woman is the wail that cars are not what they were. In *The Motor* during the last few weeks those who hark back to the good old days have so glorified the past that one might almost believe that far from progressing our makers have fallen away during the last three, four or five years. With equal passion others have lauded to the skies the progress we have made, and are still making, in motor car design and construction. I will leave them to argue about it. In 1950, in 2,000 A.D., old-timers will still recall the wonderful cars of their youth, and the younger generation will still parry these attacks with extravagant praise of the present.

***

To be frank, ordinary owner-drivers do not care a rap whether cars were better five or ten years ago. The cars they are interested in are those they can buy to-day. But there are dozens of these highly praised elderly cars still to be bought second-hand. That there are experienced motorists ready to champion such cars is the best corrective I know to the utterly mistaken idea, which still so largely prevails, that every second-hand car is necessarily a dud. I, too, think in the present, but I am not so foolish as to suppose that every car which saw the light before the last Motor Show is, *ipso facto*, an antiquated crock, and that every modern innovation is an improvement. Since my early 'teens, when I first became the proud possessor of a disreputable motor-cycle, ravaged by time and neglect, I have owned dozens of second-hand cars—and motor-cycles. With very few exceptions they have served me faithfully and well.

MR J. E. PRICE

Who was recently appointed the new General Manager of the famous Singer Motor Company

***

I DO not for a minute pretend that old cars are better than those that are built to-day, but for any given sum of money you may quite probably get a car second-hand that you will enjoy better and find more suited to your special requirements. With a new car the price you pay is an almost infallible index of what the makers can offer you. The cheapest cars on the market are excellent—in their class. In the most expensive you get as good value for money. The difference in price represents the difference in refinement, in performance, in appearance, and in comfort. But the difference in price between new and second-hand cars does *not* necessarily represent a difference in real value. Prices of second-hand cars depend very largely upon changes in fashion and upon the date of manufacture, and only in a lesser degree upon quality. Hence it is that for the price of a cheap utility model bought new you can afford to invest in a thoroughly sound luxury car bought second-hand.

***

THE appearance of a new model, with possibly only minor modifications and improvements, is sufficient to cause a heavy reduction in the price of its predecessor. Yet this earlier model is in all essentials every whit as good a car. Every woman knows of the bargains to be picked up at an end-of-season sale. Exactly the same principle applies in the motor trade.

DO not look askance at an oldish car which sells for what appears to be a ridiculous figure. That car may be thoroughly sound and good for years of service. Its only fault may well be that its design and lay-out betray its age. The model is out of fashion, that is all. In the showrooms you will be amazed at the wonderful bargains that are offered. The trade is glutted with second-hand cars, and the prices are so low that they almost frighten people away. We have so often heard of those unhappy motorists who buy cars for a song, only to find themselves saddled with expensive crocks, that at times we find it hard to believe these prices do in truth represent the market value of a sound and reliable car.

***

YOU need have no fear, however, provided you go about the business in the right way. A little investigation will soon show you that any particular model of any particular year nearly always sells for round about the same figure. If you study the market you will soon acquire a fair working knowledge of these prices. Where you see a car marked at a figure well below normal only then should you eye it askance. Here, quite probably, is the dud you have to avoid.

***

THE golden rule is to buy only from established concerns of good repute. It is in their interests to sell you a sound car—so much so, indeed, that many of the bigger firms now offer with the cars they sell a guarantee similar to that given by most of the makers themselves—and better than some. Buying from an unknown private owner is always risky. If you are a member of the R.A.C. or the A.A., do not forget that for a guinea or two you can have a car vetted by an expert. It is money well spent.

DOGS

THE LURE OF CRUFT'S By Lady Kitty Ritson

ALL the most important dogs in England are congregated to-day and to-morrow at Cruft's Show. There is a "something" about this show which causes everybody who is remotely interested in dogs to visit it, even if they are not showing and never do show. Old friends who live far from each other in the depths of the country make an assignation to meet at Cruft's, and you may see unexpected visitors in furs and smart clothes who never attend any other show, but who make a point of wandering in for a few moments just for the fun of the thing.

ALL the good old English breeds are represented, and they all have the best-known judges to award the prizes. In this corner are Scottish Deerhounds, those lovely, lithe grey hounds which were used by Scottish chieftains to hunt the deer, and one of which was considered as a fit present for a king. They are being judged by Miss Loughrey, who owns the biggest and best kennel, and whose kennel name of "Ross" is known over England and Scotland.

HERE are those attractive little dogs, Beagles, which are yearly becoming more and more popular, and of which quantities are exported to America. The Americans make pets of them and also use them singly to hunt with. Many a family that lives in the city have their single beagle, and on Sundays they make their way into the country and use him for putting up game. They are extraordinarily

A Cruft's Show Entrant: "Nelka," a fine Finks Spets being shown by Mr. L. Taylor

clever and amusing dogs, although in this country they are generally kept as pets. Dalmatians, which of late years have become extremely fashionable, and which are a very old English breed, are to be found in great numbers. They are nice dogs, and splendid to take out riding, but they are heartbreaking to breed. You may have a beautiful specimen, and then, instead of the black patches being distinct and clear, they turn out grey and run one into the other, and your show specimen is no use. They are ornamental dogs, but they belong to the days of large stables and spacious grounds.

THE Keeshonds and the Elkhounds have foreign judges. They are both dogs of the Spitz family grey, with curled tails, and are closely related to the wolf. Elkhounds are charming dogs, their only fault being that they are inclined to get very fat, unless they are well exercised. Their coats are a nice length, very dense, but not inconveniently long, so that they are no trouble in wet weather. They are closely related to the Finks Spets, who is the gun dog of Finland.

ALSATIANS have one judge for beauty and another for obedience. The beauty judge is a German, and there will be a vast amount of flapping and stamping, which is intended to discover if the dog has a firm character. In this country there is very little of such pantomime, English judges rightly believing that one can see by a dog's behaviour whether it is shy or not.

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

IN THE NEWS

Innocents Abroad

What these Rally enthusiasts suffer just for a riband to stick in their coat! Last week I met Mrs. Vaughan, who won the Ladies' Cup in this year's Monte Carlo Rally, and the Comfort Competition in her class. She described as a matter of course trials and difficulties which would scare the stay-at-home motorist out of his wits. With Miss Naish as her companion she set out from Umea, in Northern Sweden, which, with the sole exception of Athens, was the farthest starting point in the whole Rally. For hundreds of miles they had to drive over ice-covered roads, at times so slippery that it was almost impossible to walk on them, let alone drive, but her little Triumph Nine was equal to the occasion, and Mrs. Vaughan found that even on ice—with chains fitted, of course—she could still use the Lockheed brakes with safety.

Throughout the journey from Umea to Monte Carlo, a matter of about 2,300 miles, they were only once able to snatch a few minutes in bed. An even greater luxury was a bath, but only twice could they afford the time for one—at Hamburg and at Brussels. They allowed themselves one good meal a day, and for the rest existed on snacks and barley sugar. From Umea to Lyons Mrs. Vaughan was never a minute late at any of the controls, but on the last lap to Monte Carlo her sportsmanship in stopping to help two other competitors cost her an hour and a half's delay, and nearly lost her her award. Not until the local doctor appeared—without instruments, and with only a taxi to carry away two serious stretcher cases—did she attempt to push on. Then, with only 160 miles to go, she raced hell for leather for Monte Carlo, and in that short distance made up over an hour's lost time.

Probably the most amazing feature of this achievement was that the car was a brand new one which had had no running in. The order was booked with Ratcliffe Brothers, of Great Portland Street, at 11 a.m. on January 1. The chassis had to be prepared, sent up to Town with little or no testing, and fitted with the special Royston coupé which had been ordered. The complete car was delivered on the boat by twelve noon on January 8—surely a "speed record" in itself.

Lady Patricia Moore with the first model of the S.S.11 Foursome Coupé to be delivered from the manufacturers. It is one of the most elegant models ever put on the market

Daytona Again

Will Sir Malcolm Campbell do it again? It is just a year since he established his record of 246 m.p.h. at Daytona, and now within a very short time he is once again to race over that famous beach in his veteran "Blue Bird." If he breaks the record again his success will be an even greater triumph than it was last year. The record is now so high that to average even one mile an hour faster calls for almost superhuman effort Driver and car must be at the very top of their form. Already Sir Malcolm Campbell has held the record more often than any other man. If he succeeds again he will have won this coveted honour no fewer than five times. With such an achievement to his credit he has more than won his right to retire, but Sir Malcolm is of the breed that goes on trying to the end.

E. M. W.

The Lesson of "Cruft's."

The dogs at each Cruft's Show are fed exclusively on Spratt's "Meat-Fibrine" Dog Foods. What about Your dog?

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When your vital organs fail to perform their work correctly—your bowels and kidneys can't throw off that waste material—before you realise it you're growing hideously fat!

Take half a teaspoonful of KRUSCHEN SALTS in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning—cut out pastry and fatty meats—go light on potatoes, butter, cream and sugar—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished.

Notice also that you have gained in energy—your skin is clearer—your eyes sparkle with glorious health—you feel younger in body—keener in mind. KRUSCHEN will give any fat person a joyous surprise.

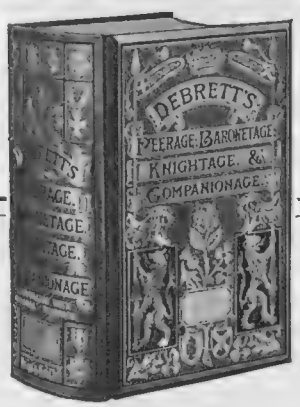
Get a 1/9 bottle of Kruschen Salts from any chemist's (lasts four weeks). Even this first bottle should convince you this is the easiest, safest and surest way to lose fat—you will feel a superb improvement in health—gloriously energetic—vigorously alive.

Table Tells What Women Should Weigh in lbs. in Indoor Clothes & Shoes

AGES	25 to 29	30 to 34	35 to 39	40 to 44	45 to 49
5 ft. 0 in.	118	121	124	128	131
5 ft 1 in.	120	123	126	130	133
5 ft. 2 in.	122	125	129	133	136
5 ft. 3 in.	125	128	132	136	139
5 ft. 4 in.	129	132	136	139	142
5 ft. 5 in.	132	136	140	143	146
5 ft. 6 in.	136	140	144	147	151
5 ft. 7 in.	140	144	148	151	155
5 ft. 8 in.	144	148	152	155	159
5 ft. 9 in.	148	152	156	159	163

In two months Miss P. T., of Burgess Hill, Sussex, reduced her weight from 12 stone 13lb. to 10 stone 8lb. "I had no special diet," she writes, "just the same as I always had, but I took half a teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in half a tumbler of hot water every morning."

Mrs. F. R., of London, writes: "I have reduced 20lb. with Kruschen, and feel brighter and more energetic in every way. My husband says I look five years younger. There is no other reason for my loss of weight except Kruschen, as I do not take any particular diet."



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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Hors d'œuvres Varies

CAVIAR À LA MIGNONNE.—Scoop out the inside from some tomatoes, mix with caviare and hard boiled eggs cut in dice, dress with oil and vinegar, put back into the tomato cases, and place curled fillets of anchovies on top.

Chevrettes à la Cingalèse

PUT 4 ozs. of butter into a saucepan and slice into it two small onions. Fry them till brown over a slow heat, and then take them out Stir one and a half tablespoonfuls of curry powder, and also a little flour, into the melted butter, and mix well; then stir in as much gravy, or if that is not available, some milk, enough to well cover the prawns, and stew over a slow heat until they are well cooked. When the gravy is thick enough add a little cream and the juice of a lemon. Mix all well together and serve very hot with boiled rice. A dessertspoonful of chutney added to the curry will be found to be a great improvement.

M. LOUIS MULLER

The well-known Restaurant Manager of the Kit-Cat in the Haymarket

Poulet au Chasseur

CUT a young chicken down the back and flatten it out. Lay it for an hour in a marinade of oil, lemon juice, and sliced onion. Egg and breadcrumb the chicken and boil over a clear fire. Serve garnished with watercress, tossed up in oil and vinegar. Serve with the chicken brown sauce in a boat, flavoured with sherry.

Charlotte à l'Alexandre

LINE a mould with buttered paper, then with finger biscuits; fill it with the following mixture: ¼ lb. of chocolate, ½ pint of milk; stir into it the yolks of 3 eggs and ¼ oz. of leaf gelatine. Put it on the fire till it thickens, strain into a basin, and when cool add half a pint of whipped cream. Pour this mixture into the mould, and leave it to set. When turned out pour over it a little apricot sauce with pistachio nuts shred into it. For the apricot sauce melt four tablespoonfuls of apricot jam with about two tablespoonfuls of water; let it boil, and pass through a hair sieve.

Luncheon

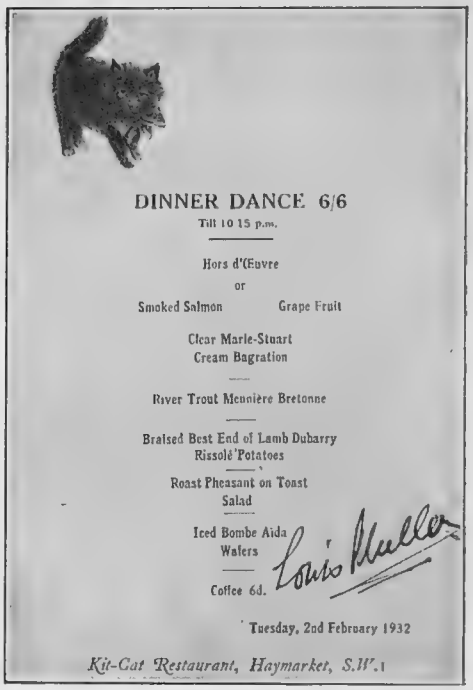
HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS
(CAVIAR À LA MIGNONNE).

CHEVRETTES À LA CINGALÈSE.

POULET AU CHASSEUR.

CHARLOTTE À L'ALEXANDRE.

CAFÉ.



The menu of a recent dinner dance at the Kit-Cat Restaurant, where popular prices are now the order of the day—and night

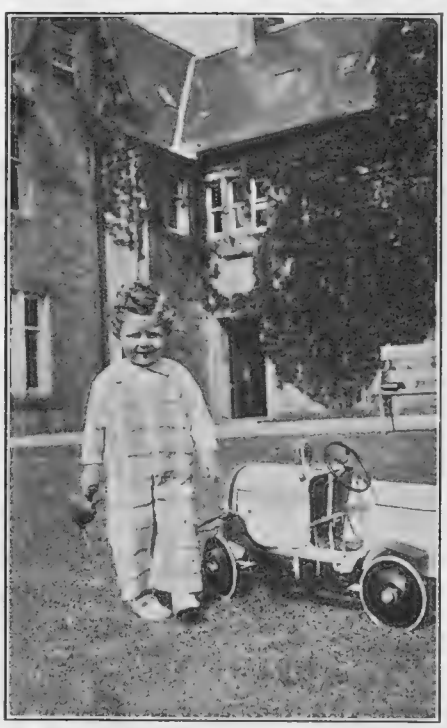
THE EDITOR'S BOX

National Provincial Bank, Limited

At the annual general meeting of the National Provincial Bank, Ltd., held recently at Southern House, London, E.C., Sir Harry Goschen, Bt., K.B.E. (the Chairman), referring to the balance sheet, said that £1,479,416 had been transferred from the Reserve Fund to Investments Depreciation Fund, leaving the Reserve Fund at £8,000,000, thus enabling them to show in the accounts the investments of the Bank at a price equivalent to or below the market value as on December 31st last. As the improvement in the market value of their investments materialised, which he anticipated must coincide with the return of more normal conditions generally, the Investments Depreciation Fund would again become available for inclusion among the free funds at the Bank. The current, deposit, and other accounts stood at £261,503,042, being £30,702,525 less than the corresponding figures twelve months ago. The cash in hand and with the Bank of England represented slightly over 11 per cent. of the deposits. Advances to customers showed a reduction of slightly over £7,000,000, reflecting a diminished demand by their customers through the various sections of the Bank's business. The net profit was £1,747,007 against £1,930,854 for the previous year. They had allotted £100,000 to the pension fund, and after providing for a final dividend of 8 per cent., making 16 per cent. for the year, £804,115 was being carried forward.

Consult Spratt's at Cruft's

If you own a dog and want to be satisfied that you are, or are not, feeding him correctly, as the case may be, the question can be answered readily enough by a visit to the Agricultural Hall, Islington, N., where Cruft's, the world's greatest dog show, is once more in full swing, adding new pages to its long history. Ever since the founder, Mr. Charles Cruft, organised his first show in 1886, the extensive benching and feeding arrangements necessary for this remarkable "doggy" festival, which attracts sporting folk from near and far, have been entrusted exclusively to the care of Spratt's Patent, Limited. This year Spratt's Stand is again the centre and hub of the spacious building, which is yet barely large enough to house the thousands of aristocratic canine aspirants for show honours, and here, ready to advise on every conceivable problem connected with the feeding, care, and management of dogs is a strong corps of the company's experts, any of whom can be consulted freely and without the slightest obligation. In addition to a fine display of Spratt's "Meat-Fibrine" Dog Foods, Game Foods, and other feeding specialities, appliances, remedies, and requisites, a representative selection of the company's extensive and helpful literature on dogs and other domestic animals and pet-stock generally will be available for the asking.



STARTING YOUNG

Iain Blair, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell Blair, of "Dalchenna," Inveraray, Argyllshire, believes one cannot take up motoring too soon

A New Beverage

The nourishing properties of cocoa are so well known that as a food beverage it is a prime favourite, and presented in tablet form ready for immediate use, sugar and milk being included, at 1d. for two breakfast cups, we cannot do other than expect wide popularity for it. The new Oxade Cocoa Tablets are in line with the present need of economy. A penny packet makes two cups of delicious cocoa, and a man can carry it in his pocket, or a lady in her handbag. A great feature of this cocoa is that no milk or sugar is required, so that it can be made wherever boiling water is available. Oxade Cocoa is also recommended for use in making chocolate cakes.

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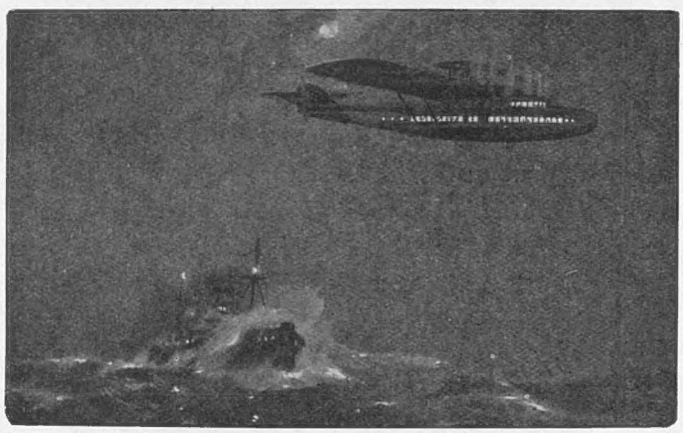

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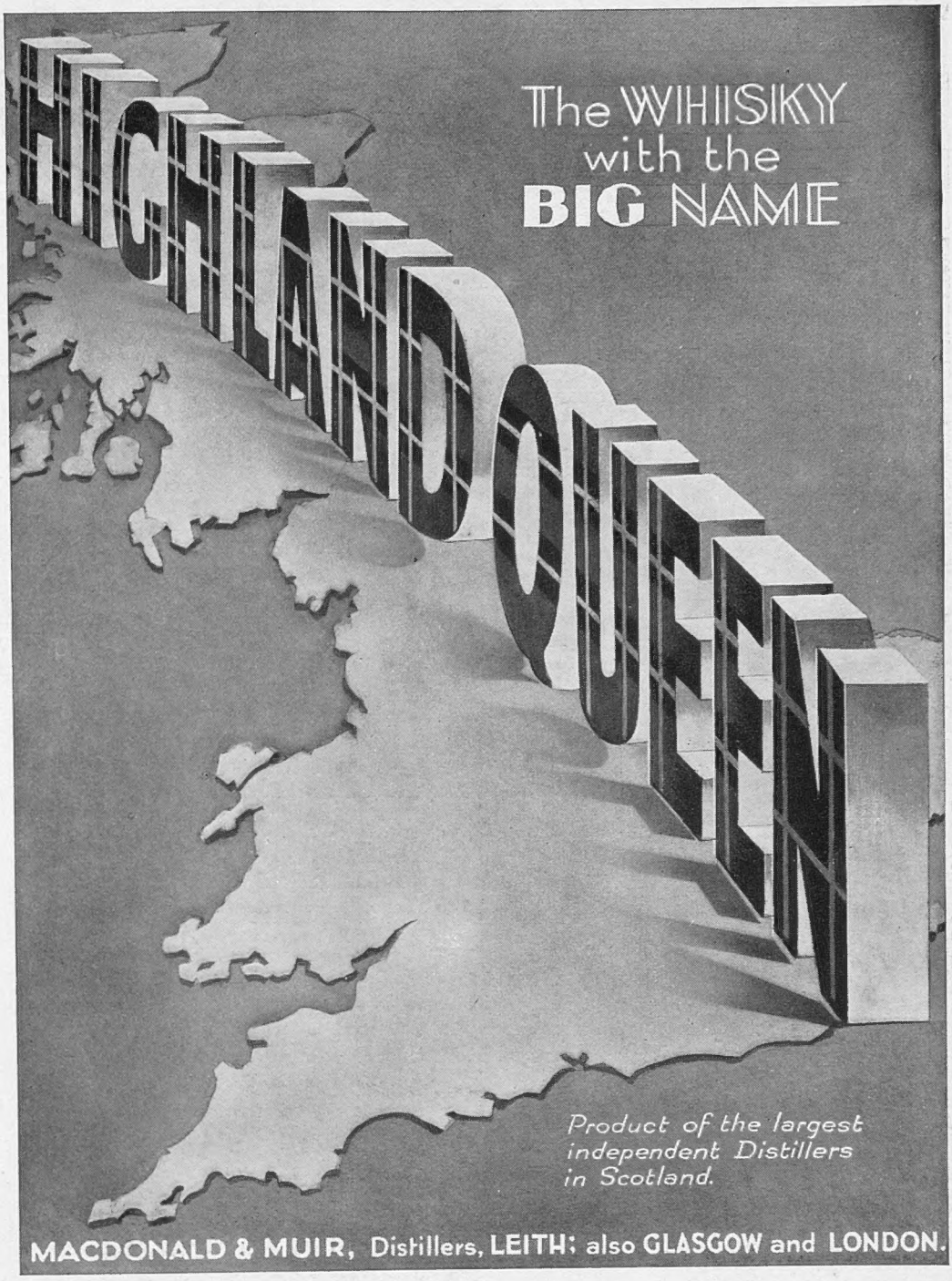

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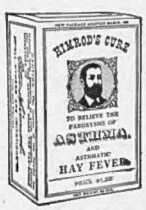

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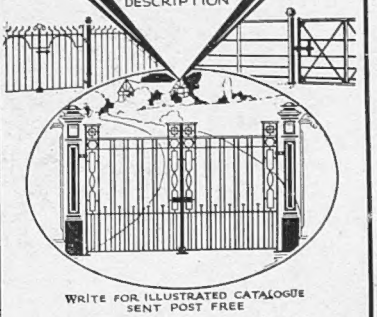

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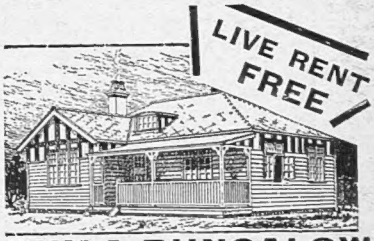

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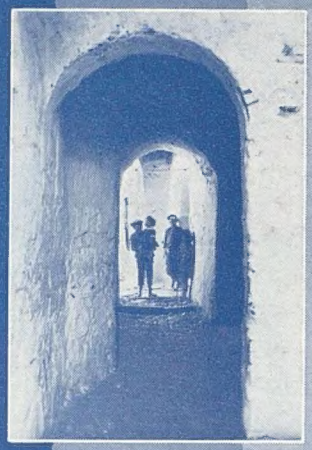

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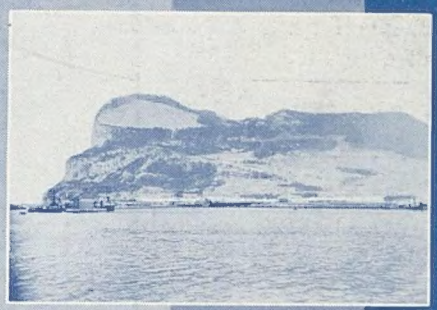

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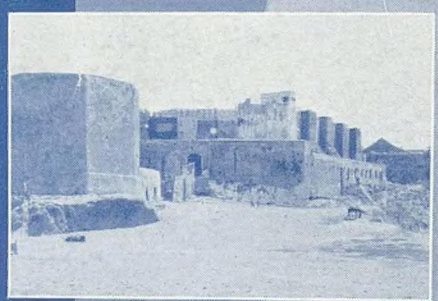

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